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SEVENTY-FIVE STORIES FOR THE WORSHIP HOUR

BY

MARGARET WHITE EGGLESTON

AUTHOR OF "MORE FIRESIDE STORIES FOR GIRLS IN THEIR TEENS," "THE USE OF THE STORY IN RELIGIOUS EDUCATION," ETC.

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L-K

To My Husband

Reverend George W. Owen

WHOSE LIFE IS A CONSTANT INSPIRATION
TO HIGHER LIVING, THIS BOOK IS
GRATEFULLY DEDICATED

PREFACE

IN TELLING a realistic or idealistic story, one aims to arouse the emotional life and cause it to hunger for better things; to develop feeling attitudes; to create a new sense of beauty in the relationships of life. To tell a good story is one of the most effective ways of creating desires.

Many missionaries are on the field to-day as the result of a story of the life, work, or needs of some hero, or heroine, of the past. David Livingstone went to Africa as the result of a story told by Robert Moffat of seeing the smoke of a thousand villages where no missionary had ever been. The stories of Charles Lindbergh are to-day inspiring hundreds of boys who will never see the man. Good stories create ideals and incite youth to do good deeds.

In the few moments devoted to the worship hour in the modern church school, there are three prominent aims:

1. To train in worship; to help the group to *feel* and *know* God. This is the deepest need and should be most carefully studied. For this material Bible readings, hymns, prayers, beautiful surroundings, and a quiet atmosphere are essential.

2. To intensify or illuminate some Christian ideal or virtue. For this purpose we have a leader's talk, a poem, a dramatization, or a story. The young people need to see their own and their neighbour's need; they must feel the tug of the narrow way; they must learn to thrill to the heroic and the true.

3. To train the young people themselves to lead in wor-

ship and in service. So we help them to find the materials for the worship hour, and try to lead them to desire to give of their best to the group.

More and more the story is being used to secure this second aim of the worship hour, partly because of its adaptability; partly because of its lasting effect; and partly because it is much more attractive to the young leaders than something which they have had to think out for themselves with little fact or experience to guide them.

These stories are short in order that they may be fitted to the time allotted; they are simply told so that they can be prepared by the younger boys and girls.

Compare Jesus before the mob in Jerusalem with Mary Morrill in China. Did the courage come from the same source? Is that courage needed by the youth of to-day? Did Paul and Robert Morrison have something in common? Was the officer who pardoned the man in "Once Again" trying to follow Jesus, who pardoned Peter after the denial of their friendship? Does "An Indian Mother's Gift" remind you at all of the Bible story of Hannah? These will suggest ways of correlating the stories used in this book.

When, by the use of a story, you have created the thought, "I should like to be like the person in that story," you have sown a seed that may bring forth an hundredfold in Christian living or in noble leadership. These stories aim to develop attitudes that are Christlike; to form purposes that will lead toward higher ideals; to challenge the youth of to-day to form habits that will enrich, not only the personal life, but also the life of the world.

MARGARET EGGLESTON OWEN.

Hyde Park, Massachusetts.

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SEVENTY-FIVE STORIES FOR THE WORSHIP HOUR

IN THE BEGINNING

THE Indians of the northwestern part of our country have in their tradition many beautiful and helpful stories, some of which pertain to their religion. This is their story of the Flood.

Once, long ago, it rained until the streams overflowed and the sea rose higher and higher. The valleys were filled, the villages slipped into the sea, and at last the waters began to creep slowly but surely up the mountain side. The Indians had been gathering their families on the highest land that they knew, and here they held a Council Fire to plan what to do. Finally it was decided to build a great canoe, larger than any man had ever seen, and to find some way to anchor it on the very highest spot of this, the highest mountain. As the water was nearly up to where they had been living, they began with all haste.

While the men were felling the great tree and working with their hands to fashion it into a strong canoe, the women were gathering fibre from the cedar trees, and were chewing it to make it soft and workable. Every hour of every day they kept at their task, some sleeping while others worked. When the fibres were ready, the women oiled them to make them waterproof and then wove them into a great rope that nothing could break. As soon as the canoe was ready, the rope was attached, and all together they pulled it to the highest spot and fastened it securely to the great immovable rock. Still the water crept higher and higher.

One sad day they brought their little ones and lifted them into the canoe—not a baby was left behind. The men had placed food and water in the canoe, and the women had brought coverings and things with which the children could play. When all was done, and the parents were standing alone with the water almost at their feet, the oldest and the bravest men chose a pure, beautiful young mother from the tribe and lifted her into the canoe. Her little baby was there, so she was glad. Then they placed their hands on the shoulders of the strongest, cleanest, best young brave of the tribe, and with a smile he vaulted into the boat and stood at the stern. Together they were to guard the little ones of the tribe, the hope of the years to come.

Suddenly the waters were creeping about the canoe, and the fathers and mothers were standing almost to their knees in the sea. They were not crying; they were not trying to enter the boat; they were watching intently to see if the great boat would keep their little ones safe. What mattered it if they must go so long as the babies were saved?

"Be brave and true! Be brave and true!" the winds carried to the two in the canoe as it was lifted from the land and began to pull at its great rope. For answer, they only raised their hands to the Great Spirit. As the canoe floated away, the two saw fewer and fewer dark spots on the land; then one great tree, alone, stood out against the sky; then all was water and night. But though the winds blew and the waves were high, the cable held, for it had been made by hearts that yearned and hands that loved.

One day the mother seemed to see something on the surface of the water; it grew with the hours until that brave man at the stern felt sure that it was land. The winds had ceased, and the waves were no longer dangerous. Finally he cut the cable and using the great paddle which the men of the tribe had fashioned with such care, he paddled to the

place where he had seen something grow large in the distance.

And it was land. He quickly brought the canoe to a safe landing place. The young mother was lifted out first, and then, one by one, he gave the little ones into her arms. When all were safe on the shore these two, who had been prayerfully chosen, led them happily to a sheltered place, gave them food and water, and made them soft bough beds on which to sleep. Then, with courage in their hearts and thankfulness to the Great Spirit for saving their lives, they smiled and began to build the new home for the little ones.

JIM'S CONQUEST

EVER since he could remember, Jim had spent his summers with his aunt in Maine. She lived on a large farm close to the foot of a great mountain, and Jim counted the days all the spring waiting for the time when he could go there. The ponds where the fish were plentiful and the water lilies grew; the hours of swimming and boating; the long tramps on the hillside with his aunt for blueberries and raspberries; the rides on the hay; the good things that grew in the big garden. All these things came to him, over and over, during the winter time as the reasons why he liked to go to Maine. He would come in June pale and thin and tired; he would leave in September brown and plump and eager for the hard school work of another year, for Jim was a student.

There was one thing, however, that he did not enjoy about his vacation. On the next farm were several big, husky boys, who were ever in the search of new adventures. They thought that Jim ought to be made to do the

things which they wanted him to do, so they tried to push him from the loads of hay before they jumped, to tip his boat when he was rowing, and to frighten him in other ways.

Back of the house there was a very high cliff which could be climbed with difficulty, but it was a dangerous thing to do. The other boys never took the longer path around the cliff when they were playing on the hillside; they even let themselves down over the face of the cliff with a rope, if no one was at the farm to see them, and Jim's big eyes were full of terror as they did their foolish stunts on or near the cliff.

There were three good reasons why he feared the cliff. First, he was naturally timid, and any great height made him dizzy. Second, when he was just a little fellow and was walking with one of the farm hands near the top of the cliff, the man, just for fun, pushed him as though to send him over. The man knew that he had hold of his coat and that the boy could not fall, but to Jim it was a terrible experience, and he could not forget it. Perhaps the third was the biggest reason; his father had fallen from a scaffolding and had been killed in front of Jim. To Jim, the cliff was like that scaffold. So it was no wonder that he took the long way around the hill when the boys took the cliff path, all the time calling him fraid-cat, baby, and coward.

Part of Jim's work at the farm was to tend the young calves and the sheep, and as the years had gone by he had become greatly attached to some of them. Nanny and Spot were sheep that he had reared on the bottle, and he called them his very own. They followed him about the farm, and Jim loved them.

One day company was coming to tea, and raspberries were needed, so Jim took Mary, who was ten years old, and went to one of the clearings to pick some for his aunt. The

berries were large, and the pails were nearly full when Jim heard Mary calling, "Jim, I hear a sheep bleating as if it were hurt. Don't you hear it?"

Jim listened and then ran to where Mary was picking berries, saying, "Get up on this big rock, Mary. Don't go away—not one bit—lest you get lost. That sounds like Nanny. I must run to see what the matter is."

Mary promised to stay, and Jim ran as fast as he could toward the place where he knew the sheep were grazing. Sure enough, it was Nanny. She had become entangled in some barbed wire which had fallen into the underbrush. Jim's heart sank when he saw how badly she was torn and bleeding. He tried to free her, but he could not lift her from the hollow into which she had fallen. The wire was sharp and rusty, and Jim knew he must not get cut by it. He worked as fast as he could, but he soon saw that he must have help or the sheep would die.

Calling to Mary as he passed that she must still stay on the rock, he started toward the house. Then he came to the fork in the road. Just at the foot of the cliff was the field where the men were working. He tried to call, but thinking that he was just playing, they paid no attention. To go over the cliff meant that he could reach the men in five or ten minutes; to go around meant at least a half hour. He looked again at the cliff and started on the longer road. But Nanny might die if he went the longer road. Suddenly he faced about and ran to Mary.

"Come quickly," he said. "You must take the berries and go down the path. Aunt would want me to save Nanny, and I am going to try to go over the cliff. If I am not at the house when you get there, tell them Nanny is badly hurt and is in the left-hand corner of the wood-lot clearing. Ask Auntie to come to the cliff road if I am not there," he said with a catch in his voice.

Then he started over the cliff. At first he could hardly take a step, but he thought of Nanny and kept trying. Soon he found that he was very sure-footed, and by the time that he reached the foot he was jumping from stone to stone as he had seen the boys do and not minding it at all.

He ran to the men in the field, told them of the sheep, and then sank exhausted into the hay as they climbed the cliff for Nanny. It seemed but a short time to him until he heard them coming back and calling that she was all right. He rolled lazily over in the hay and looked up at his old enemy, the cliff. Somehow it didn't seem so formidable or terrifying now as he lay and traced the way that he had taken.

"As soon as I am rested I am going right up that cliff and then down again. Then I shan't have to be called coward or baby," he said to himself. "In helping my dear old Nanny I have helped myself, for I am no longer afraid of the cliff. I guess I have conquered my fear."

THE GIRL WITH THE GOLDEN SMILE

THAT is what the man who presented her with a twenty-dollar gold piece in the name of the State of Virginia called her—"The Girl with the Golden Smile." She had been most efficient in her work as Secretary of the State Legislative Reference Bureau during that term of the Legislature, and they wanted to reward her for it.

Do they give all their faithful employees a gold piece? No, indeed, but there was a reason why Mary Hutton deserved one. If you could have seen her come slowly and haltingly to the front when her name was called, making her way with the aid of a chair, you would have known

part of the reason. Since she was four years old she had been crippled from infantile paralysis.

"I have had some 'Success Days,' " she said to a friend in talking about the gift. "The first one was when I was five years old and had lain for weeks and weeks, helpless and in great pain. One day I found that one of my arms would move very slowly across the pillow. That was a wonderful day, a day when my dream of ever getting up again began to grow.

"After a while I learned to crawl along the floor and tried to learn to use crutches. It was very hard, for you see my left leg was entirely useless; my right leg had no feeling from the knee down; and my right arm and left thumb were also helpless. Then one day, after they had helped to move that right crutch many, many times, I stood on my crutches. Oh, how proud I was! The whole world seemed beautiful.

"I was taken to school in my little tricycle, studied hard, and when I was seventeen I had graduated from a business school and was ready to take a position, though I could not walk. Suddenly the light seemed to go out of my life, for I began to grow stiffer and to lose some of the power that I had gained. Would I be helpless? The doctor whom I asked said, 'Yes,' but I said, 'No, no. I must not.'

"So I went to a new doctor who assured me that if I would do just as he told me, I would be able to stand on my feet some day without the aid of crutches. After weeks and weeks of work he took the crutches away—and I stood. I stood alone by myself for a little while with the tears of joy running down my face, and I wondered if people who have two good feet ever thought how wonderful it is just to be able to stand. That was my third and greatest 'Success Day.'

"And now this is the fourth—to have the Assembly-

men regard me, not as a cripple, but as an efficient helper in the state work. What a lucky girl I am! I am preparing now to enter college, and that will be another great day in my life—and this big gold piece will help in the coming of that next great day.

"Success," says Mary Hutton, "is only wanting something bad enough to try with all one's heart, and then doing one's best to make it come true. It is bound to come if one puts heart and soul into the winning of it."

ECCLESIASTES 3:1

AS THE missionary read in her American papers of the rising of the waters along the Mississippi River, her heart ached for the thousands of families who had been made homeless and, perhaps, friendless. She knew only too well what disease and poverty followed floods, for she had seen it in all its horror in India. Even at that time, a river in India, just north of her station, had made fifteen thousand people homeless.

"Money is what they need now," she thought, "but that is what I cannot give. All I can do is to think of them and to ask our Christians to pray with me that God may send friends and comfort to them."

So when the people came for their service in the village church of Satara, India, Miss Lillian Picken, the missionary, told them of the disaster which had overtaken her countrymen and asked them to remember the sufferers every day in their prayers while they also prayed for the flood sufferers not far away.

To pray earnestly means to think, and to think earnestly

often means to do. These Indian Christians prayed, and then they wanted to do more than to pray. There were only about sixty Christians in the village, earning very small wages, usually not more than ten dollars a month, while many earned as low as four. They had already given money for the flood sufferers in India. They needed some repairs on their church, especially a new floor, before their rainy season came.

"For a hundred years the people of America have been helping us," said one of the Indian women to Miss Picken. "They have given us Christ, education, famine relief, and countless gifts of sympathy and prayer. I think we ought to give, as well as pray, and help them now. I should like to send ten rupees ($3.62) from our church. We can each give a little."

Soon every cent of the money was given to the missionary, who sent it on to America for the help of the flood sufferers. Someone who saw the check marvelled at the generosity of the Indian Christians and thought that others would like to know about it. So he gave the story to the Associated Press to publish.

Not long afterward a man, who had more than he really needed, saw the story in the paper and could not forget it. "Those people are worth helping," he thought. Drawing his check book from his pocket, he wrote a check for nearly fourteen times what they had sent to America.

"Impressed with the liberality and spirit of the contribution of the little church in India," he wrote, "and with their sending their gift so far away from their multiplied needs, I am inclosing a check for fifty dollars to be used for work among those promising Christians in Satara, India."

Perhaps the money has put a floor into the poorly equipped church in which they worship; perhaps it has

furnished some necessary supplies. One thing is sure: it has shown the Indian Christians that man, as well as God, loves the cheerful giver.

A WORKER IN IVORY

IN a quaint little village far up in the mountains of Switzerland lived an old man who had spent his life working in ivory. His hair was as white as the ivory flowers that he was making; his shoulders were bent; but his eye was bright, and his hand was very sure as he used the tiny tools in fashioning the petals of the different flowers. In his windows there were daisies, violets, edelweiss, and buttercups which he had made for sale.

From his window he could look far out over the valleys for miles and miles. He needed that long look to rest his eyes, but he needed it more as an inspiration for his own life. As he watched the storms come up the valleys; as he saw the shadows creep over the mountains and the clouds caress their tops; as he revelled in the gorgeous sunsets that sent a myriad of colours on land and sea, Hans Klatt saw God's handiwork, and it was always beautiful, always different, always perfect. Every day was a new beginning to this worker in ivory.

One day a visitor was choosing six of his flowers to take to her girls in America. As she placed them against the soft velvet of her dress they seemed so real that she exclaimed enthusiastically, "They are perfect, just perfect. How can you make them so?"

"No, lady," was his reply. "They are not perfect. I wish I could make one perfect one. I have been trying for thirty years to make one like God makes them out of doors, but something is always a little bit wrong. When I bring His in,

mine seem very imperfect. But I have honestly tried, and it is worth while giving one's life in trying to make a perfect thing, don't you think so?"

The lady took the pins and carried them to America, trying her best to give to her class of girls in a church school the message and spirit of the man from the mountains of Switzerland.

In a beautiful home in New York to-day there is a mother who is known to all her friends as a wonderful mother. Life has not been easy for her, but she has made it all beautiful. One day, when a friend asked her how she could be patient and courteous under very trying conditions, she went to her room and brought out a little edelweiss pin made of ivory. Fastening it to her dress, she said, "You have often seen me wear this pin. It is one of my treasures. When I was fifteen years old my teacher brought it to me from Switzerland, and she told me the story of a man who worked in ivory and made these pins for sale. He said to her, 'It is worth while giving one's life in trying to make a perfect thing.' All these years that sentence has been a challenge to me. I cannot be a perfect mother; I cannot hope to have perfect children; but I want to do the best that I can. I am willing, like Hans Klatt, to give my time and strength to try to make a beautiful life. Mine seems very imperfect, but I am trying."

So Hans Klatt, the ivory worker of Switzerland, helped a teacher mould a life when she gave his message with his edelweiss.

A BOY WHO ROSE

JOSEPH, the shepherd boy, had a long way to go and hard work to do before he became Joseph, the executive in Egypt. Daniel, the slave, became Daniel, the adviser of

the King. Yet probably neither of these was as great a rise in those days as that of a boy to-day who at eight is the son of a poor Welsh miner and is working in the mines to help support the family, and becomes, before he is fifty, the Secretary of Labor in the Cabinet of the United States. That is the story of James J. Davis, who was thus honoured by President Harding.

He knew the problems of the labouring man, for he and his family had struggled hard to keep poverty from breaking their home. He knew the discouragements of being thrown out of work. He had picked iron splinters from good nails at fifty cents a day, had driven mules, carried water, tended iron furnaces, puddled iron, and had done many other things that boys do when they belong to the labouring classes.

When Secretary Davis was nine years of age the home was dismantled and the family came to America. They had to give away or sell much of the household equipment, but his mother very carefully wrapped two featherbeds to take along, for they were her greatest treasures. Inside the feather beds she put all the money that she had for travelling. All went well until they reached Castle Garden, and then someone stole the beds, and the mother was heartbroken. If Americans were like that she wanted to go back to Wales. She had to borrow money to get food for the children, and she was very unhappy.

Now James worshipped his mother, and when he saw how badly she felt he made up his mind that he would earn money as fast as he could and replace those feather beds, thus making his mother sing again. So he worked to buy a shoe-shining outfit and then began to put small amounts of money aside. He drove cows twice a day for a dollar a month, and he ran errands wherever he could find them until at last, after many months, he could buy the beds.

Someone asked Mr. Davis one day about his home and education, and his answer is a splendid one. He said, "My father gave me a great example of honesty and persistency. He taught me to be skilful and to be proud of it. He taught me to expect no gift from life, for what I got I must win with my own hands. He taught me that good men would bring forth good fruits. That was all the education that he could give me, but it was enough.

"From my mother I learned to sing. She was always working and always singing. There were six children in the house, and she knitted, and sewed, and baked, and brewed for us all. I worshipped my mother and loved to run around after her. I wanted to be like her, and I tried to be. That is why I love to sing. My heart sings and always will. This I owe to my mother. From my mother I learned to love and trust God. She taught me to read my Bible and to long to be more than an iron puddler."

With such a home, and such a training, and such a challenge, it is not strange that he rose from the mines to the Cabinet, is it?

AFTER THE WAR

"IT'S to make the world safe for little children, Mother," said the boy earnestly. "I wouldn't want to go and leave you here all alone just to be in the army and fight. If America doesn't help, the wide world will have to suffer. When I see the others go I feel like a coward. Please say 'yes' to me, Mother. When I come home after doing splendid things you will be glad that you let me go."

Already his mother had said good-bye to an older son who was drafted and to her daughter who had gone as a

nurse. If this boy went, what would happen to her all alone on the farm? But what could she say when he put it to her like that? Did she want her boy to feel like a coward? So she signed his paper, and he sailed away for France.

For a time he did very inglorious work in a camp, but he dreamed of the days to come; then he had a fever and was sent to the hospital for several weeks; he had been back but three weeks when a shell exploded near him and his face was so badly torn that he had to go to the rear for many weeks. When he had recovered from that he was placed for a time in an office in Paris. None of the glory of the fight about which he had told his mother seemed to come his way—nothing but the drudgery and pain and suffering.

Finally came Verdun with all its horror—and they carried him from the field with many, many wounds and with one arm shot away. He had been brave, but his days of possible glory were all over and he was to be sent back home to his mother, a care for the rest of his life, all because he had thought that God wanted him to help to make the world safe for little children.

His mind was full of bitter thoughts as he strolled across the field to the "Y" hut that last Sunday. He had been writing to his mother and wondering how he could ever prepare her for the looks of his scarred face and mangled body. How could she ever be proud of him now?

As he opened the door of the hut he saw a table spread for the celebration of the communion service. It took him back at once to the little church in the country and the many times when he had knelt there with his mother.

"It used to help," he thought. "It helped when Father died, and maybe it can now. I need some comfort to-day."

Just then the minister began to read from the Bible: "The Lord Jesus Christ, on the night when he was be-

trayed," and the boy pressed forward so that he might be near the table. How well he remembered the words of the service as he heard them!

"This is my body which was broken for you." Then the boy heard no more. Like a ray of sunshine on a dark day the words had fallen on his troubled mind. "This is my body which was broken for you."

"His body was broken on the cross," he thought, "and it was broken for the world. He seemed to be a failure that day, but the world has been happier and safer because he gave his body on the Cross. Perhaps my broken body has been of some use after all. I came to France to help, even as He came to the world to help. God can use what I have done. Mother would tell me to trust him."

"The body of our Lord Jesus Christ which was broken for you," said the minister as he passed the plate of bread to the boy.

"Yes, Lord," the boy was saying in prayer, "and this is my body which was broken for you, for you said if one did something for one of the least of the little ones, it was done for you. I did my best, but I didn't have much to do. Help me, and oh, help Mother when she sees me! Amen."

With the rest of the men the soldier boy ate the bread and drank of the cup, and his burden was lighter because he had come to the table of his Lord.

ANTONIO

ANTONIO stood under the shade of an awning on a busy street trying in vain to keep out of the driving rain. People were hurrying to get home from work, and Antonio was shoved about from side to side, but still he

hardly seemed to care. It was time for Antonio to be at home for his supper, but he just stood there with a puzzled face looking at the front of a big touring car that was parked in front of the store. It was an expensive car, and its nickel trimmings shone through the rain, but it was not the size of the car nor the bright trimmings that attracted the boy. He was steadily looking at the cap over the radiator and trying to decide what to do.

At last he seemed to gather up courage to carry out some plan, for he darted into the street through the pouring rain, and with a determined look, he reached up and grasped a number of small American flags which were fastened to the radiator cap. With a sweep of his hand he pulled them from their place saying angrily, "No, no. The flag must not be there." He started to put them under his coat, but a big hand reached down from above him, and a traffic policeman lifted him right off his feet and landed him, with a shake, on the sidewalk.

"Hey! You young rascal! What do you mean by stealing those flags? Give them to me," he said, shaking Antonio vigorously again. "What did you expect to do with them? Give them to the boys, eh? Well, you come with me."

Antonio's eyes opened wide. "Give the flags away!" he said. "No, no. I didn't want to give them away."

"Then why did you tear them from the car and hide them under your coat?" said the policeman. "Bring them out, I tell you."

Shielding the dirty little flags from the rain, Antonio handed them to the angry policeman. They were water-soaked and torn, and the boy shook his head as he looked at them. Trying hard to keep the tears back, he said simply, "That is my new flag. Every day in school I do so to the flag," touching his free hand to his head. "We wrap our

flag up like this," placing several folds of the wet flags together in the hand of the officer. "We never let it touch the floor, for it would get dirty. I sing to the flag of America. I love my flag at the school, and I work to earn one for myself in my home. That man cannot love the flag. He leaves it in the rain. See the mud and the oil on the stars. It is torn when he drives fast. I took his flags to hold them till he comes. I don't like my flag to get wet and dirty like that," and the boy pointed to a very dirty one of the bunch.

All about them the crowd had gathered, but the boy did not see them. He was thinking only of the safety of the little flags. Closer and closer the people crowded, curious to see what the policeman would do. The boy had acted like a thief, but he had talked like a patriot. The crowd was ready to cheer him when he finished speaking.

The policeman stood for a moment, silently looking at the wet, dirty flags. Then he patted the boy kindly on the head and said, "Antonio, you were wrong in taking the flags from the man's car. I don't like to see the flags torn and spattered any more than you do, but the law allows a man to put them on his car and get them dirty if he chooses. I am sure that you were trying to honour your flag, but you came near to getting into trouble. I will stay here and keep the flags for you until the man comes out to get into his car, and then I will tell him what you have done, and ask him not to put them back while it is storming. Will that be all right?"

Antonio squeezed the hand of the big policeman and smiled as he turned to push his way through the crowd to go home. Everywhere people were holding out their hands to him, and some spoke kindly to him.

"Good-bye, Antonio," called the policeman, waving his hand to the boy. "You are becoming a good American."

Antonio's face shone as he hurried along the street, remembering suddenly how late he was going to be for his supper. "The teacher says we should love the flag and be good Americans. He says I am that. Good Americans love and keep the flag. I love and keep my flag. That cop—he was good to me. He loves my flag, too. That other man who gets the flag torn and dirty—— Ugh! No good American."

FIVE CENTS A DAY

THE wedding had been at the church, but the reception was to be held at the new home of the bride and groom, and all were eager to see the little house and its furnishings of which they had heard so much. So a group of his classmates in high school and his three best friends in college days went together to the reception.

"How did Matt get this house?" asked one. "Surely he hasn't earned it. We have only been out of college six years, and he has only an average salary."

"I don't know where he got it, but I know it is all paid for, and he is giving it to Molly to-night as a wedding gift," said another. "Perhaps he has made an investment that has been successful."

As they walked about the six pretty rooms and admired the furnishings, their curiosity became stronger, and finally, when the opportunity came, they asked Matt to tell them the secret of his home.

"Yes, indeed, I did make a fortunate investment," he said. "Jim will remember that one day four of us decided to smoke. That was when we were freshmen in high school.

The next day I said that I had decided that I wouldn't do it. I had made two decisions during that preceding night: that I wouldn't smoke, and that I would put the ten cents a day that it would probably cost the rest of you, at least, into the bank. For one year I put seventy cents in the bank every Saturday.

"One day Father accidentally found that I had a bank account and asked me about it, so I told him my decision.

" 'I am interested in that account,' he said. 'Every week I will double what you put in. I can well afford to do that to encourage you to keep away from the habit.'

"So then I put in at least $2.10 a week. When I left college I had over $500 in the bank. Father was buying a piece of property out this way and let me have a share in it with my $500. You know how much real estate has gone up in value here. That $500 has paid for my house, and it stands on part of the land that I bought. Every bit of the furnishings and all of the books have come from the money that I saved by putting a dollar a week into the bank through college and for the six years since I left school. All of those years Father has given me double, as he promised at first. What I am giving to Molly to-night has come from that first ten cents saved on that first day thirteen years ago."

Later in the evening when, before all the guests, Matthew Earl gave the home to his bride, he smiled at his friends as he said, "Many years ago Father helped me to make a wise investment of some money, and our home is the result," but the boys did not see the substantial check which was found that night by that boy as he went to lock the door of his new home.

The note which was with it read, "To him that hath self-control shall come many blessings that make life happy and successful. FATHER."

HORACE MAYNARD'S REMINDER

IT WAS opening day at Amherst College in 1834, and boys were hurrying here and there over the campus, finding their rooms, greeting old acquaintances, and making new friends. Up in one of the dormitories a freshman, Horace Maynard, was trying to get his room settled so that he could begin work in earnest on the very first day. He had come from his home in Westboro with a grim determination that he was going to get from college all that it had to give. "Some boy will stand at the head of this class, and it might as well be I," he had said. So he was getting ready to make those high marks.

Finally, when his room was settled, he took a piece of cardboard from his desk and sat down to paint upon it. When he had finished there was one letter only on the card—V. Climbing on a chair, he nailed the card over his door and then made ready for bed.

Naturally, the boys were curious. At first they asked questions, all of which Horace answered with a grin and an evasion. Then they began to make fun of the letter, but Horace did not offer to take it down until the day, four years later, when he was packing his things to leave. Then he put it into his trunk. He had graduated with high honours and was valedictorian of his class.

"You see I needed it right there to remind me when I felt tired or lazy that I was going to stand at the head and get that valedictory," he said. "But I couldn't very well tell you what it meant, for then some of you might have taken it away from me."

He used that education that he earned in Amherst to good advantage, for he was a member of Congress, was

Minister to Turkey, and later in his life was Postmaster General of the United States. He had learned while young the hard lesson of making good where he was.

KEEPING HIS WORD

ONE day a Spaniard who was talking to a Moorish student became very angry because the student challenged his religion. Pulling out his sword, the Spaniard said, "My God would not have such as you live. Die, you coward!" and he killed him, leaving the body by the roadside.

As he was hurrying away, a band of students came down the road, and seeing what had been done, they started after the murderer. He knew the road better than they, and so, taking a hidden turn, he dropped over a wall into the garden of a wealthy Moor. Seeing the man working among his beautiful flowers, he ran to him, fell on his knees before him, and cried, "In my haste I have killed a man who loved not God. Save me from the mob at the gates! I have done what seemed right. Save me, I beg of you."

"If thou hast done wrong, thou oughtest surely to be punished," said the old man, "but it is better to avenge oneself slowly. I will share with thee this peach which I have picked from the tree. When we have eaten together thou canst be assured of my protection. When night cometh I will come unto thee."

So saying, he locked the man in the garden house and went to sit on his porch. Hardly had he seated himself when he heard the sound of many people who were wailing; they came nearer to his home; they knocked at his own gate; and the servant admitted them.

"What hast thou here?" asked the Moor as they entered his gate.

"We have the body of thy son, thine only son," answered a student, "for he hath been killed by a Spaniard not far away from thine own roadway. Let us leave him here and go quickly, that we may join in the search for the man who hath so wronged thee."

Without a word he let them all depart; then he shut himself in his room and fell on his face. This son was his one great joy in life, for all honoured and loved him. In his garden house sat the man who had killed him. He had only to say the word and the men would take him away and kill him. Should he say the word? Ah, but to that man he had promised life and liberty. They had eaten together; to wreak vengeance upon him was unthinkable, for he was a Moor. All day long he paced back and forth in the room that overlooked the sea, now black with wind and rain. In his soul there was a great storm.

As the mourners listened they said one to another, "Behold how he loved him. He grieveth even as a mother."

When night fell, he called all his servants to his room, and saying that he wished to be alone in his grief, he sent them each unto his own home. When the last one had gone, he went to the garden house and slowly unlocked the door.

As the man came forth the Moor stood before him and said in a voice that made the prisoner tremble, "Thou art called Christian, yet thou hast killed my only son in thine anger; his body lieth there in my house. Thou oughtest to be severely punished, but I have eaten with thee. I gave thee my word, and my word shall not be broken. I leave thee to thine own God, believing that thou must answer to Him for the breaking of his own law. Come!"

With trembling footsteps the old man led the young man

to the street where one of his fleetest horses was ready for him to mount.

"Go," said the father. "Go far, while the night may be a help unto thee. God is just and God is good. I thank Him that I have no load such as thine to carry. It were easier to carry sorrow than shame. My son's memory shall be to me as the sunlight and the moonlight; as the fragrance of the violet and the beauty of the rose; as the cooling breeze on a weary day. Thou hast taken his life, but thou couldest not take away what he has been to his father. That is mine. Go, and may thine anger never again cause thee to break the law of thy God. Go."

As the sound of the swiftly moving horse's hoofs died away the old man went again to stand by the bier of his son, his only son. "Better that thou art here than there, my son," he said. "And thy father hath still kept the faith that he taught unto thee."

THE LESSON THAT MARY TAUGHT

DOWN on the floor of a great office building in the heart of Boston a woman knelt, scrubbing and polishing the brass of the electric fixtures. Her hair was quite gray, and her face seemed tired and worn. One of the men sat at his desk, apparently working, but really studying the woman. She was neat and faithful in her work, but he noticed that she found it hard to get up and down, and often she seemed to be in pain as her hands went back and forth into the water of the pail. At last he spoke to her.

"How long have you worked in this building, Mary?" he asked.

"Seven years this fall, sir," she replied proudly. "They have kept me longer than any other woman in the building.

Some days I am afraid I will have to be the next one to go, for the doctor says I must keep my hands out of water."

"How much do you earn here?" he asked.

"I get three dollars a night, sir, now that I clean in these offices, and that keeps Mary Ellen and me all right," she replied.

"Does Mary Ellen work also?" he questioned.

"Mary Ellen? Oh, no. She has never been well since she fell down the stairs long ago. Mary Ellen is my sister. She sits in a chair and waits for me to come home, for sometimes I have to work both day and night. When I get home I work and she talks to me, you see, and so we get along all right."

"It must be very hard to have to support a sister as well as yourself. Couldn't you get her into a Home? It would be much easier for you," he said. "I would be glad to help you find out about one if you need me."

"Get Mary Ellen into a Home!" she said quickly. "Why, Mary Ellen is somebody to go home to. She helps me a lot. She sings to me when I am tired; I tell her all my troubles, and she knows just what to say to make me forget them. When things go well I buy her an extra orange and some cake; then we have a party right there in our room. What would be the use of working to earn money if I had no one to share it with? Mary Ellen ain't no care. She is a privilege."

The man turned to his work, but soon he put on his hat and went home. On the way he bought some ripe, red strawberries and a quart of ice cream. As he turned into the yard of his beautiful home he looked toward a window on the third floor. "Father isn't really a care, even if Jane would rather that he wasn't here. When I am puzzled about my business, he gives me good advice; when I forget to go to church, he reminds me how much I owe to God; when I

miss little John so much that life doesn't seem worth while, father helps me to see it right. Father is always here when I come home. He isn't a care. He is a privilege. I will go right up with this cream and these good strawberries and have a party with him before the rest of the folks come home. No, my father isn't a care. He is a privilege."

THE MESSAGE OF CHOCORUA

CLOSE by a lake in New Hampshire sat a girl of twenty-two. She was watching the end of a glorious sunset and wishing that she could see the sunsets after she returned to the part of Boston in which she had to live. It had covered the sky with red and gold and had made the lake seem like a sea of colour. To the girl who was spending her first vacation in the country, it had been a revelation.

Her vacation was to end on the following day, and then she must go back to the monotonous life of the city; to the office with its bare walls and dingy outlook; to the struggle to make ends meet on eighteen dollars a week; to the lonely evenings; and to the temptations of the daily life about her.

"I cannot carry it all," she said aloud. "I just cannot live again as I have lived this year. Why was I born? No one cares what I do, or where I go, since Mother went. If only I had one person to help it would be so different. What wonderful weeks these have been here in the little farmhouse! They make the thought of going back to-morrow seem all the worse. I just cannot do it."

In her thought of her problems she had lost the thought of the glory about her, so when she came to herself all the

colour had gone from the sky, and dark gray clouds were hurrying across the tops of the great mountains. Darkness falls quickly in the hill country, and she remembered that she had a long walk, but she did not care. She longed to stay indefinitely by the side of the lake under the shadow of Chocorua.

Throwing herself upon a mossy bank, she thought back over the two weeks since she left the city; the flowers that she had picked, unforbidden; the berries that she had gathered on the hillsides; the sound sleep during the long, quiet nights; the kindness of the farmer and his wife, and the good food which they had provided for her. It was all too good to be true—but to-morrow was on its way.

Suddenly in the distance she heard the beautiful song of a hermit thrush, and she sat up to listen and enjoy it. It was then that she saw the mountain—old Chocorua, the beautiful—rearing its head of stone right up into the sky through the darkness. It was like a weird and awesome shadow, yet she knew how strong and majestic it really was. It was wondrously beautiful in the dim light of nightfall, and the girl caught her breath as she saw it there before her.

Like the rustle of the night wind came the thought, "The shadow of a mighty rock within a weary land!" How often her mother had quoted the verse to her. God had been a mighty rock in the weary life of her mother during years of sickness. God was like a mighty rock—like Chocorua—standing there in the dimness of her life, full of strength and beauty. Like Chocorua, God had stood as the generations had passed by—sometimes clear and majestic as the mountain had stood when the sunset was flooding the sky, and sometimes dim and distant when forgetfulness, or trouble, or wrong, or lack of faith was hiding him from view—but still he was always there.

A great longing filled the heart of the girl as she listened to the bird and looked at the shadow of the mountain. If only she were strong like the mountain; if only she could give out beauty like the bird; if only she could be what her mother had expected her to be; if only she could smile and be happy when things were hard! God had seemed very far away since she had left the home church and no longer had the inspiration of her mother. Perhaps she had lost the courage and strength from her life because she had lost her vision of him. Could she leave her burden there by the lake and trust him as her mother had done? Were there beautiful things in the city which she had not seen? To her Chocorua seemed far away and unreal now, but in the morning when she went to the train it would be close at hand, and big, and strong. "The shadow of a mighty rock within a weary land." This was the verse that she would carry back with her to the city.

For a long time she sat very still, gathering strength and courage from the shadow before her; then she went back to her room in the farmhouse ready to face the hardships and temptations of the days ahead. God had been in the dim distance all the time, waiting for her to ask him to be her strength and her salvation. She felt very sure of that, and she found herself singing Mother's old hymn as the breezes blew across her face and lulled her to sleep:

"Oh God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

"Before the hills in order stood,
Our earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same."

ON THE MOUNTAIN

"REMEMBER," called the guide, as he said good-bye to the young man at the foot of the trail that led to the top of one of the Swiss mountains, "your life depends upon keeping awake. The snow is untrodden, but with your snowshoes I am sure that you can make the ascent. The way is steep, but follow the red arrows and you cannot lose it. No matter how tired you are, keep on going."

"There is no fear," answered the young man as he started up the path. "I have climbed many mountains before. I shall be safe and happy."

All went well, but it took him longer than he had expected. When night began to fall and a cold wind came out of the north, he was still several miles from the camp where he must spend the night. Suddenly he began to stumble and lose the path. His muscles ached, and he became so sleepy that, though he made heroic efforts to master himself, it seemed as though he would certainly fall asleep as he walked. He tried to reason with himself so that he would not sit down, but it was of no use. At last he saw a great rock just ahead by the side of the path and decided to sit down for five minutes and rest in its shelter.

He hurried toward it, and then suddenly fell flat in the path, having stumbled over an object which was almost covered with snow. Thinking it was an animal, he stooped to throw it out of the path but found, to his horror, that he was bending over the body of a man of his own age—a man who had fallen asleep in the way.

Pulling the body to the lee of the great rock, he rubbed the hands and feet; he breathed on the chest, as he had seen woodsmen do. He rolled it over and over in the snow until

he saw a sign of life come into the face. For two hours he worked as hard as he could to save the life of the man, and then he helped him to get to the hut.

Not until he reached the camp and sat down to drink a cup of tea did he remember that he, too, had planned to lie down by the rock. His weariness and his sleepiness had both vanished when he found the man and went to work to rouse him.

In saving another, he had saved his own life.

THE PICTURE THAT LIVED

THE bright Italian sunlight streamed in through the doors and windows of the Pitti Gallery in Florence. It brought out the soft and delicate colours of the treasures on the walls; it made one glad to be alive and to be able to spend the afternoon in such a wonderful place.

Most of those who wandered through the galleries were adults, but in their midst was a beautiful American child of seven. She had walked a long distance for a child and was eager to go home. Occasionally her mother would rest on a bench and cuddle her close for a minute or two: then on they would go.

Suddenly the party with which her mother was visiting the gallery came to a room where only one picture was to be seen. A great wave of admiration came from the crowd as they passed through the door and saw there the much-loved Madonna of the Chair by Raphael. It was in a massive gilt frame and stood on an easel near the window where all could see and admire its wondrous beauty. Suddenly the child broke away from its mother and ran to the picture, her face wreathed in happy smiles.

"Mother," she cried, "tell me this baby's name. No. Mother tell me the story. Please tell me the story."

The guests in the gallery hushed their voices as they heard the shrill, little voice and saw the child draw the mother to the picture. For a moment the mother hesitated; then the two moved to a seat in the window. The child climbed into the lap of the pretty mother, her yellow curls blending with the brown hair above them, and this is what the other people heard them say:

"Long and long ago there was a beautiful mother."

"Like you, Mama?"

"Oh, much more beautiful than your mama."

"No, no. No mama is more beautiful than my mama."

"She had a dear little baby that she loved very much."

"Like you, Mama?"

"Yes, dear, just like me."

"She called this dear little baby, Jesus, and sometimes, when his cousin John came to see them, the beautiful mother would take her baby Jesus up into her lap and, holding the hand of John——"

"Oh, Mama, that is how you hold Teddy's hand, isn't it?"

"And then the mother would sing to them both, just as I sing to you, 'God is Love and God is Good,'" and she hummed the pretty song.

For a moment there was silence on the bench by the window as the child sat patting the cheek of her mother and thinking. Then she slipped to the floor and skipped across to the picture, waving her hand to the beautiful mother in the picture as she ran.

"I can sing your song, pretty mother," she said. "I want to sing it with you, and with Jesus and John."

Through the rooms of the famous gallery there floated a little childish voice:

"God is love and God is good.
I will thank him for my food,
For my home, and for his care.
God is here and everywhere."

Though no baby's voice answered, the child had a moment of great happiness as, forgetful of self, she really felt the presence of the mother and children, just as Raphael must have hoped some great soul would do.

Quietly the visitors passed on to the next room, but many were wishing that they might see the other great treasures of the gallery in as beautiful a way as Ruth had seen Raphael's Madonna of the Chair.

SEEKING A GOD

PUSHING his way through the jungle land of India, sleeping during the heat of the day and then walking as far as he could during the cool of the evening, a young Indian boy set out in search of a place where he could make a new home for his girl wife—a home in which she could be free and happy. He was not yet twelve years of age and she was only eight, but in India that was not strange. When he finally came to a river over which there was no bridge, he took off his loin cloth, bound it around his head, and then started to swim up and across the river. The river was wide and the current was strong, so he had need of all the courage that he possessed.

Suddenly he heard the loud shouts of many men on the bank of the river not far away, so he turned toward the shore to see what the commotion might be. As he neared the bank he saw a large object in the water. About it ropes

and chains had been fastened, and both men and animals were tugging and pulling as hard as ever they could in the effort to lift the object from the water. The men shouted; they counted; and they even sang to try to work together and pull the heavy load. At last they gave up in despair and sat down on the bank to rest.

About that time the boy reached a place where he could see what it was that they had been trying to raise. To his surprise, he saw a great stone idol in the water; it was the god that was worshipped in the town near by. Through some mishap it had fallen into the river, and of course the men were anxious to get it into place again, so that they might be able to pray and sacrifice to the god.

For a time the boy sat very still looking at the great stone and wondering how it had happened to fall into the water. As he sat there, he began to think of the power which the idol was supposed to have.

"That idol is a God, and the people here pray to it for help. Yet when it falls into the river it has to stay there. I can get out when I fall in, but this idol has to stay right there and be pulled out by men and animals. If it were a God, it could help itself. That is no God. I won't say my prayers to it," he said.

Soon he started again on his journey, and toward the close of the day he came to a mission station where many boys were at play in the yard.

"What God have you here?" he called to one of the boys.

"We have the God that made heaven and earth," answered the schoolboy.

"I wonder if there is such a God," thought the wanderer. "I will stay and see."

So he asked permission to stay at the school for a few days, and he tried to learn about the God whom they worshipped. The more he heard, the more he liked the God.

One day he suddenly disappeared, and the teachers and students, who had learned to like the manly little chap very much, were much concerned as to his whereabouts. After a few days he came back as quietly as he had gone, but he had by the hand his little girl wife. He had gone home to get her and had brought her to his new friends, hoping that both of them could stay in school and learn to love the true God.

The girl was put into the girls' school, and the boy was allowed to stay where he was for a while. He was quick to learn and eager to know things, so he was soon one of the best students in the school. After a few years he decided that he wanted to be a Christian minister, so he was trained for that work. When he was finally ready for his church he went out among the village people, where he was given a small church building. There for many years he worked faithfully and successfully, sometimes filling his church four or five times a day with people who were eager to hear him tell of *his* God; not one made of stone, or clay, or even of gold; not one who could not even help himself; but one who made the heavens and the earth; a God who could hold the waters of the earth in his hand and who was like the shadow of a mighty rock within a weary land. He called his God a living and a loving God; and because he loved God so much, he made many other people of India love him, too.

SHOULD HE STEAL?

HE DIDN'T smoke or drink; he didn't dance or play cards; he had little time for social things and little money to spend for anything that wasn't necessary. Yet one of the fraternities in his college was rushing him hard

to join their number. To be sure, he was a high-standing man, and he was a great favourite when any original fun was being planned. He played hard when he had time—but much of the time he had to work hard. He felt sure that the boys would not like some of his ideas and his ideals if he joined the fraternity, and he told them so, but still they kept finding reasons why he should join. At last he called a few of the leaders to him and told them some of the things that he would, and would not, do and some of the things that he should try to change if he belonged to a fraternity.

"Now," he said, "knowing what you do, if you want me to join I will, but I doubt if you want me."

And they answered, "We want you."

In a little while the new men were ordered to do certain things for the members or for the fraternity house. "Go to the railroad track, get some ties, cut them into lengths for our fireplace," came the order to this boy.

Promptly he answered, "I'm sorry, but I can't. I don't steal."

One by one other new men made the woodpile grow larger, but he still refused. "Give me something harder to do that is not against my principles, and I will gladly do it," he said, "but I can't steal ties."

They played tricks on him, and he took them good-naturedly; they ordered him to do many foolish things, and he did them with a smile; but still he produced no wood. At last the officers realized that they must excuse him from the order or lose him from the society—and they excused him.

After all was settled and he knew that he had won, he went to a local wood yard and ordered twice as much wood as he had been expected to get from the track, paying for it

with hard-earned money; then he found a saw, and soon he had added the wood to the pile for use in the fireplace, just to prove to the men that he was not lazy or unwilling to furnish wood for them.

Did he lose by sticking to his ideal? A study of the honours that came to him in the months that followed tell the tale, for he was one of the most popular men of his class.

To-day he is in China—again standing for what he feels is right. He is one of the very few missionaries who felt that he should not leave his sick patients and go out of China in order to be safe. So, with one other man, he has stayed away back in the interior of China, working with the natives and trusting God, glad of the opportunity that is his to tell the story of Christ's love and care to the many travelling soldiers who are passing through that part of the country. He is a man who is not afraid to stand for what he believes—Dr. Walter Judd.

THAT BIBLE VERSE

THE Dieks family lived in an old farmhouse about two miles from town. Father Dieks and the older boys worked on the farm with its great fields and fine orchards; the little folks attended the rural school; but Mary and John walked in to the village high school every day. When the morning was fine, they enjoyed the walk, but when it rained or was very cold, they wished the school were nearer.

With the many things to be done about the house and barn in the morning, all had to hurry to get the work done, and so it was with great effort that the children appreciated, sometimes, the beauty of the Bible passage which Father

Dieks read every morning before the family left the breakfast table. His father had always had family prayer, and Mr. Dieks intended to have it in his home, even if it did seem impracticable at times. If breakfast was later than usual, then Mary and John were anxious to be off for school; if the crops were ready to be gathered, the farm hands were in a hurry; but still, all unhurried himself, Mr. Dieks read the Bible and offered a prayer for the day.

One morning it was very icy, and John and Mary were late in starting. John had finished a three-year record and was just beginning his fourth year, and he was very anxious to get to school on time, so they hurried as fast as they could, both scolding because they had been delayed.

"What is the use of reading all that Bible every day anyway. We have heard it all our lives. I knew every word that Father read this morning, didn't you, Mary?" asked John.

"I didn't hear it all because I was thinking about that one verse that he read: 'And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.' Do you believe that, John?"

"I have asked for a lot of things that I didn't get," said the boy. "I think Father believes just that, though. You know how he prayed about the blight, and not one bit came on our corn. He prayed for Mother, and she came from the hospital when everyone else thought she would die. I didn't hear that verse this morning. Where was I when he read that? But say, Mary, we have only twelve minutes in which to get to school. I don't want to be late. Oh, dear, what can I do?"

"Why not try praying. That is what Father would do, probably. The verse said that if you believed you would get what you asked for," said Mary.

"Seems funny to pray about getting to school, but I

think I will try it," said John as he stopped in the road. He folded his hands in a peculiar way that his father had and then said, "Please, God, show me how to get to school on time. Amen."

Both Mary and John had a queer feeling as they opened their eyes and hurried on. What answer could they expect? They were just at the top of the long hill, and it was so slippery that they dared not run, although they could see the school building just at the foot of the hill.

Suddenly John grabbed Mary with a shout and shaking her said, "Mary, Mary, my big sled is just over the fence. I forgot it last night. We can ride to school and get there in time." He bounded over the fence, brought the sled, and they were soon flying down the hill, stopping right at the door of the school with two minutes to spare.

That night as they were studying about the big table in the living room John wrote something and passed it quietly to Mary. This is what she read: "Guess I will listen to what Father reads to-morrow morning. That verse certainly helped us a lot this morning, didn't it? I suppose God must have made me remember the sled, don't you?"

Mary read the note, smiled back at him, and wrote one word, "Yes."

UNTO ONE OF THE LEAST OF THESE

UNCLE JOHNNY had been lame ever since he could remember, but that didn't keep him from being useful. He had lived on a farm and had done his work—with difficulty, yet with a smiling face, just as the rest of the farmers did. But finally, as he grew older, it seemed fool-

ish for him to stay in the country and work so hard. He had never married, so he had no one to care for and no one to care for him.

In the fall he moved into the city of Rochester where he could have a warm room and someone to get his meals during the cold months of the year. At first it was fun to have time to see and do whatever he liked; then the hours began to hang heavy on his hands, and he wondered how he could ever stay in the city without the work that he had had to do on the farm.

One day he met another farmer who told him that his boy was in the hospital and needed someone to talk to him and to help to pass the time.

"I just must go home," said the man, "for I have been away from my work too long now, but I don't know what to do with the boy."

"Can I help?" said Uncle Johnny. "I will gladly go to see him, and when he is well enough, perhaps I can take him out in one of the wheel chairs from the hospital."

So Uncle Johnny found a job. Every day he spent some time with the boy, and gradually he came to know many other people who were sick. He read to the boy, and when he was well enough he wheeled him out into the park where the sunshine could help to cure him of his sickness. At the end of six weeks the boy was discharged and went home. Then Uncle Johnny was more lonely than ever.

One day a happy thought came to him. "There are always people who are getting well in the hospital. I wonder if I couldn't take other people out, even if I don't know them. I think I will go and ask," thought he.

You may be sure the hospital was glad of the offer, and one after another they allowed people to go with him. Sometimes it was a little child, and sometimes it was an old gentleman or lady who was his guest. Friends, hearing of his

work, told him of cripples and blind people in Rochester who would enjoy being taken to the park, so he bought some chairs of his own and called for them. At first he would take one in an afternoon, but soon he found that he could bring several to the park to hear the music, or to see the flowers, and then take them home as they needed to go. Sometimes they could help themselves, if only Uncle Johnny would push them across the street, so they would go to a designated corner and wait for him to come and help them.

Mothers began to find him a great helper; teachers asked him to take children home from school; policemen watched to see how they could help this good friend of the city's sick.

"I'm lucky to have enough to live on without working," said Uncle Johnny, "for my chair-folks keep me busy all the time. I have wheeled folks from Europe, and Asia, and from all over the United States. Wheeling chairs is a great way to make friends."

If "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me" is a test of one's religion, Uncle Johnny of Rochester must surely be high on the list of working Christians.

WHEN A BOY WAS NEEDED

DEEP in the heart of the great castle at Jerusalem lay Paul, the apostle of Jesus Christ, who had been so fearless on his recent missionary journeys. The day that had just passed had been a tremendously hard one, for Paul had just escaped being scourged by telling the captain that he was a Roman citizen; then he had been allowed to make his defense, only to find about him a yelling, angry

mob of people. At last the captain had ordered his men to take him by force from the midst of the people and shut him for safety in the castle. Tired, discouraged, and puzzled, Paul was trying to sleep when suddenly there came to him a vision, as from the Lord, and he heard the voice of God saying to him, "Be of good cheer; for as thou hast testified concerning me at Jerusalem, so must thou bear witness also at Rome."

"How can that be?" said Paul to himself. "Who can save me when there are so many who clamour for my life just outside the walls? Stephen was not saved, and I saw that mob myself; Jesus was not saved. How shall I be saved from the Jews of Jerusalem? My life is in His hands. I will trust and not be afraid."

Now while Paul lay resting within the walls there were many outside who plotted how they might take him by force or by strategy. One angry group gathered near the great wall of the city as the day went by.

"We must get this traitor. Let us bind ourselves with an oath," said one of the men. " 'I will neither eat nor drink until he has been put out of our way.' What say you? Will you take this oath upon you?"

"Aye," said the men. "We will. We will neither eat nor drink until Paul is dead."

"Paul!" said a boy near by, as he looked up from the basket of grapes which stood before his feet. "They said Paul! That must be mother's brother. I did not know that he was in the castle. Oh, I must listen and save him."

So all unknown to the men, the boy edged nearer and nearer, forgetting all about the grapes which he had been trying to sell. When he had reached a place where he could hear easily, he leaned against the wall and pretended that he was asleep. So the men talked on, each urging some plan of his own.

At last one man said, "Let us go to the chief priests and the leaders and tell them of our oath. They want to put him out of the way and they will help us. We will ask them to say to the captain that they would like to have him bring Paul to the synagogue in order that they may know more of his teaching. As he comes we will lie in wait and kill him."

"But then we would be in danger of the law," said one of the older men. "Dare we do that?"

"Thou art foolish," said a young man. "We can easily do it and then get away if he is brought down at night. With forty men nothing is impossible, for we all want the life of this man. Paul shall die, and then we can eat and be merry. Come, I am ready."

There was a clatter of heavy hoofs on the pavement, and the band of men disappeared through the narrow Jerusalem streets. A moment later a boy's feet could be heard running swiftly in the opposite direction.

"Thou must run to the prison and tell the captain what thou hast heard," said his mother as he told her his story. "To think that gentle, kindly Paul has been so mistreated. Hurry, boy, hurry."

"But it is soon night. Perchance they will not open the gate to me," said the boy.

"Say that thou hast heard of a plot to kill a prisoner, and they will listen," said his mother.

Down the street he hurried until he stood before the gate of the castle. How often he had wished that he could see what was inside; but now he was afraid to enter. Would they be angry because he had listened to the men? For a moment he was ready to run away, but then he thought how kind Paul had been to him; of the stories of other lands that he had told him; of the curious gifts that Paul had brought; of his interest in every game played by the

boys in the street. With a loud knock he asked an entrance to the castle, and when the centurion came, he was permitted to talk to Paul.

"How comest thou here?" asked Paul.

"Listen," said the boy in a whisper. "Thy life is in danger. Forty men will take thee when thou goest with the captain to the synagogue. I heard the men say so."

Raising his hand, Paul motioned to a centurion and said, "Take this young man to the chief captain; he has something to tell him." So the boy followed the man to another part of the castle.

"What is it that thou hast to say to me?" said the captain kindly, as he took him aside.

"The Jews have agreed to ask thee to bring Paul tomorrow to the council as though they would inquire somewhat more concerning him. Do not thou therefore yield to them; for there lie in wait for him of them more than forty men who are bound by an oath neither to eat nor to drink till they have slain him; and now they are ready, looking for the promise from thee."

"Thou hast done well to bring the news to me," said the captain. "Tell no man that thou hast signified these things to me. Thy uncle shall be saved." And the centurion took the boy to the street.

At the third hour of the night the great gate of the castle swung open and a great band of soldiers came forth. There were two hundred soldiers, two hundred spearmen, and seventy horsemen. On a donkey in the centre of the group rode Paul, the prisoner, who was being taken in the dead of the night to Felix, the governor in Cæsarea. He was already on his way to witness for God in Rome, as he had witnessed for him in Jerusalem on the day before.

God had used the sharp ears and the swift feet of a boy to open the doors of the castle and send Paul forth.

A BOOK AND A SHIP

"ONE dollar! One dollar! And I have only sixty cents," said a ragged boy as he stood on the corner near a secondhand bookshop. "They all want too much for a geography. Let me see—I have been to one, two, three, four places, and there is only one more. Well, I'll try that, for I just have to have a geography to see where Father is going in his boat."

Near to the twelve-year-old boy stood an interested man. He had been following the boy ever since he had heard the first book dealer tell him that he could not buy the book for sixty cents. So now the man again went after him into the bookstore and listened to his polite request for a geography that should not cost more than sixty cents.

"Yes, indeed," answered the salesman. "I can give you a good one for sixty cents, or I can give you one that is a little more worn, but still a good book, for less than sixty. Which will you have?"

"If the old one is all right to study from, I will take that, and then I can buy something else to read with the rest of the money," said the boy.

"You like to read, then," said the salesman.

"Better than almost anything else," answered the boy. "I wish I could go to school, but I can't, so I am going to have a book like the other boys use and study it myself."

"What is your name?" said the man who had been following him. "I have been watching you, and I want to help you to have the new book if you would like it. Here is a dollar. Get whatever you like in this store with it. You will make a name for yourself some day, boy. I am sure of it."

"Thank you, sir," said the boy with a shy grin. "I hope so. My name is William Hartley, and I live down near the bridge."

"What would you like with your extra money?" said the dealer in books. "You can buy two or, perhaps, more."

"I should like some book that Mother would like to read —some book that would rest her when she is tired; then I will take some other book that the boys study in school. I shall be rich with so many things."

When he left the store a little later he had under his arm a geography, a history, a book for his mother, and some materials with which to work out his lessons. As happy as a king, he ran home to show his treasures.

The years passed by, and the boy grew to be a man. One day a terrible storm swept over the sea and caught a boat which was making for the port. It tore her sails; it swept her decks; and in a short time she had sprung a leak.

"We shall soon sink," said the men, running for the life-boats. "Let's get away as soon as we can."

While they were working to unfasten them the voice of the captain called, "Back to your posts, men! As long as we are above water there is hope to save the ship and make port. Why be cowards? I am sure that we shall make shore if we try. Come! Be good sailors and stick to your ship. All together! Let's go!" Assured by the calm manner and the smile of the captain, the men went back to their work, and slowly but surely the boat made its way to land. Every man was safe, but the boat sank soon after reaching the dock.

One of the passengers, who had realized the great danger and had marvelled at the courage and perseverance of the captain, waited after the rest had gone away to thank the man who had saved his life and to compliment him on the way he had handled the boat.

"I think you do not know me," said the captain with a broad smile. "I have wanted to see you for years and to repay part of the debt that I owe you. Perhaps this has been a good chance to do so. Many years ago you bought a geography for me; that was the beginning of better days."

"William Hartley!" said the man. "I should say that I did remember you and your visit to five stores in order to get the book that you wanted. Captain William Hartley now instead of Little Bill, as you were then. Now I understand why we reached land in safety. You are still trying again, aren't you, captain? And this time your perseverance has saved my life and yours. Thank you, sir."

"You are welcome," said the captain. "I am glad to have paid my debt."

A BLANK PAGE

ONE treasure after another she had shown to her visitor, and at last she was wondering what to find that would interest her. She let her dark eyes roam about the room as she tried to think. Ah! There was her scrapbook with all the pictures of the movie stars in it. Perhaps her visitor would tell her something new about some of them. So she ran off to get the book.

It was an interesting one, for the little girl of twelve had carefully cut the pictures from magazines and papers. Here were all her favourites, and she named them, one by one, as she turned the pages. Sometimes she told an interesting fact about them; sometimes she asked a question. Suddenly there appeared a blank page—with not even one little picture pasted on it, and the bright, eager face of the girl lighted up with pleasure as she looked at it.

"That," she said, "is where my picture is going to be when I am a great lady. I will cut out my picture and paste it right here, and if they say nice things about me I will put them right there." So saying, she turned the page to look at another picture.

Several years have gone by since that friend looked at the book, and that little girl's name is now written in electric lights all over our land—not the name that she was known by when she made the book, for that was Kathleen Morrison; but the name that she chose when she began to make pictures, which is Colleen Moore. She could paste very beautiful pictures of herself on that page now and not be ashamed to have them in the midst of her old friends. But she hasn't done any such thing. She has her scrapbook as one of her treasures, but her friends say that the page is still blank—still there to remind her when she looks at it that thinking about it and dreaming about it in those girlhood days probably helped her to make a name for herself. It is there to remind her that there are other things and bigger things that she wants to do and to be, and that if she is wise she will dream about them, and help to make the dreams come true by hard work, and by having a high goal toward which to climb.

BENNETT'S OFFER

BENNETT lived in the days when there was a saloon on almost every busy corner in the South End of Boston. Near his own home there were sometimes four on the corners where the streets crossed. Bennett knew, for he often had to go to one or another and bring his father home to sleep off his drunkenness. Sometimes the father worked

and paid his bills, but sometimes Bennett had to earn the money for the food which he and his crippled sister had to eat. Often Bennett spent all the money for Mary and told her of the good things to eat at the store where he ran errands. Then she ate what he brought, thinking that he had had some of those good things to eat.

It was nearing Mary's birthday, and Bennett was making every effort to earn enough so that he could get a book of pictures for Mary to look at when she had to sit alone near the window all the long days after school began again. One day, when he was looking at some of the books in a window, he found himself near a store where wheel chairs were being advertised.

"My," he thought, "it would be great if I could get one of those! Then I could wheel Mary in the park, and she could get about the room. I'll ask how much they are," he said, going into the store. When he came out he went back to the book window. "Guess Mary will never have a chair like that," he said. "Costs such a lot. Oh, dear!"

That same night, as he was looking at the headlines of his newspapers, he saw that a wealthy man, who had been burned, could not recover unless someone consented to give him some skin. So the paper was asking that young and healthy persons should come to the hospital and offer to save the man. The amount to be paid for the skin was much more than the cost of that wheel chair which had been in Bennett's mind all day. As quickly as he could go, Bennett ran down the street, entered the hospital, and asked for the doctor.

"I want to sell my skin," he said eagerly. "I am well and young, Won't I do?"

"It would hurt a lot and make your arm too sore to hold your papers for a long time," said the doctor.

"That's all right," said the boy. "I want to do it. I want to

buy a chair for Mary, my crippled sister, and that will do it."

The doctor took him into another room and tested his blood. "It's all right," he said. "Think it over during the night and come to-morrow, if you haven't changed your mind. Remember, it will hurt a lot."

Without saying a word to Mary, Bennett fixed things so that he could be away all the next day, sold his papers, and at the appointed time, went to the hospital. He was made ready for the operating table and then taken to the room of another doctor, who looked at him, talked to him, and then said firmly, "He is too young. We can't use him." Bennett tried hard to keep back the tears, but he just couldn't, so he sat down on the chair and sobbed. The old doctor watched him awhile and then asked the other doctor some questions.

"It's Mary's birthday to-morrow, and I wanted to take her to the park. Please buy my skin," begged the boy. "I just must have that wheel chair."

"We can fix that all right," said the doctor. "We have some chairs that we do not use. Come and we will find a chair for Mary. We cannot take your skin, Bennett."

So when Bennett left the hospital he was pushing a chair, old-fashioned to be sure, but just as good for Mary, and his heart was full of happiness. He still had his skin, and yet he had the chair for her birthday.

"Remember the cost of the chair," called the doctor with a smile. "You are to bring Mary to me and let me try to help her to walk." And Bennett promised to pay for the chair in that way.

That was many years ago. Since that day Mary has been cured and has become a nurse in that hospital, always eager to help, but especially when her brother, Dr. Bennett Shaw, is operating.

THE COBBLER OF NATICK

IN THE town of Natick, Massachusetts, there is a little shop that stands close to the roadside. One would pass it without even seeing it were it not for a sign that is over the doorway stating that this shop was the place where Henry Wilson, later vice president of the United States, began his work in Natick. The residents of the town are proud of the shop, but prouder still of the man who worked in it.

Henry Wilson began life on a farm in Farmington, New Hampshire, in 1812, but he was given another name than the one by which the Natick people call him. His mother called him Jeremiah Jones Colbath, and only when he was of age did he feel at liberty to change it. His parents were very, very poor, and when the boy was ten years of age he was apprenticed to a farmer for eleven years. He was to receive one month of schooling each year, and when his service was over he was to receive a yoke of oxen and six sheep. His hours of work were long and hard, and the school which he attended had little to give. But the boy loved to read and early determined that when he was free from his apprenticeship he would be ready to take his place in the world of men. So he sought every opportunity to get good books to read. When he left the farm at the age of twenty-one he had finished reading over a thousand good books. He had learned the great value of spare moments, and all through his life he lost no opportunity, however small, for self-culture.

When he was twenty-one and was given the promised sheep and oxen by the farmer he sold them for eighty-four dollars and started on foot for Natick, Massachusetts,

MID-CONTINENT
BAPTIST BIBLE COLLEGE
MAYFIELD, KENTUCKY

which was over a hundred miles away. All along the way he found opportunities for earning money, so that when he reached Natick the trip had cost him but a dollar and six cents. Here he went into the little shop and learned shoemaking. He was courteous, intelligent, and faithful in his work, so he soon began to make himself felt in the community. At the end of a year he was heading one of the debating clubs at Natick. For a time he went to schools in New Hampshire and took short courses so as to learn some of the things that he felt that he must know. Soon he was manufacturing shoes in Natick and was holding offices in town and state. History records the great speech that he made against slavery in the Massachusetts legislature. Yet busy as he was in work and politics, he was always studying something. For eighteen years he was a senator of the United States Senate, and in 1872 he was elected vice president of the United States on the ticket with Ulysses Grant. Three years later he died in the Capitol at Washington, one of the most honoured men of his time.

Three words used by one of our great encyclopædias give the key to the success of this boy, Jeremiah Jones Colbath, who had so little with which to start and so much with which to finish his life. They came as a result of his early lessons in self-control and perseverance. The article says, "He was noted for ability, industry, and courtesy." Henry Wilson taught the world a lesson that it will not soon forget—the lesson of self-education for a purpose.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH

IN A dog cemetery in Paris there is a great monument which bears this inscription: "Barry. He saved the lives of forty persons but was killed by the forty-first." Above

the inscription is carved a mountain, having upon its summit a little house; in the foreground is the picture of a big Saint Bernard dog bearing a little girl upon his back. Many people stop before the monument and wish they knew the story of Barry. Perhaps some day you may go there, too, so I will tell you the story.

On the very top of a great mountain in Europe there was a little hospice where about a dozen monks made their home. Because the mountains in that part of the country were so high, there was winter ten months of the year, and there was snow on their peaks all the year around; thus there was grave danger for those who dared to try to climb to their summit. The monks had come to live in this place, not only because they loved its quiet and its marvellous beauty, but also because they wanted to give their lives in service to those who needed help as they climbed the mountains. The hospice was always open with rest and food for travellers. Sometimes people became lost and would have been frozen to death but for the help of these faithful monks and their trained Saint Bernard dogs, who accompanied them and helped them to find the lost travellers. Barry was the name of the oldest and wisest of these splendid dogs.

One night two men, who were trying to get to the top of the mountain, became lost in a snowstorm. They had known the trail, but the storm had filled it with snow, and soon they had no idea in which way to walk. One man was full of courage and hope, but the other was discouraged and wanted to turn back. At last the second man took from his pocket a bottle of liquor, saying that he must have a good drink if he were going farther. His friend tried hard to dissuade him, for he knew what a long struggle lay ahead of them, but soon an empty bottle lay on the snow. For a time they went on; then the man who had had the drink became sleepy and insisted that he could go no farther until

he had had a rest. The storm was growing worse, and the man knew that he could not stay there to watch his sleeping friend. He tried to carry him, but the wind made that impossible, so he made an effort to awaken him. At last he realized that the only thing that he could do was to leave him there in the snow, hoping to get to the hospice and persuade the monks to come and get the sleeping man. Placing his coat carefully over him, taking his friend's hat in his hand, and marking the spot with his eye, he set out alone in the dark and the storm. After a long and hard climb, he saw the lights of the Hospice of St. Bernard, but he was too much exhausted to get to the door, so he called again and again.

"Some one calleth," said one of the monks, rousing from his sleep. "Let us make haste to help."

So while one went to the door, another called the faithful dogs that they might be ready to help. Barry came at the first whistle and stood by the door, eager and willing to go out into the storm. After they had carried the traveller into the hospice and had given him a hot drink, he told them of his friend and his foolish act. The monks hurried to the hall where the dogs were waiting, gave Barry the hat of the lost man in order that he might get the scent, and then opened the great door, through which he quickly bounded into the storm.

On and on he went, trying to keep the trail of the man who had come to the hospice. At last he came to the fallen man, who was almost covered with snow. Barry knew just what to do, for he had found many lost men. He lay down by him to warm him; then he sniffed about his face, trying to awaken him. When this did not work he took hold of his clothing and shook him a bit, but still there was no sign of life. At last the dog tried to drag him through the snow, and this roused the sleeping man. Seeing a great animal

bending over him and dragging him along, and believing that his life was in danger from a wild animal, the man quickly drew his knife from his belt and plunged it into the side of the faithful dog.

For a few minutes Barry lay groaning on the snow, while the man, realizing his mistake and sobered by what he had done, tried to stop the flow of blood from the wound. At last, with great effort, Barry rose and made the man understand that he wanted to lead him to the hospice.

So they finally came to the top, the traveller leaning heavily on the wounded dog, now so weak that he could hardly stand. Some of the monks came to meet the man, and others gently carried Barry into the hall, where they tried in vain to save his life. He had given all that he had in order to save the life of the foolish man. He had been faithful unto death.

When they brought his body to bury it in the famous animal cemetery near Paris, Barry's friends, by popular subscription, raised enough money to buy a beautiful monument, so that for years to come people might remember Barry, who saved forty lives but was killed by the last man whom he was trying to save.

FINDING A MOTHER

MANY years ago as a gentleman was passing a newsboy something fell from his pocket and landed at the feet of the boy, but before he had time to pick it up the old gentleman had boarded a car and had disappeared. So Nick, the newsboy, put it into his pocket. That night, when he had found a big box in which he could sleep, he went to a lamp post and began to look at his treasure. It was a

wallet of queer shape and very old. In it were a few bills, some papers, and an envelope. Nick put most of the things back into the wallet and then opened the envelope.

"His baby, I'll bet," said the boy, smiling back at a picture of a little child. "I'll have to look for the old man, for he wouldn't want to lose that. And here's another picture. Isn't she the grand lady? Wonder if she is the mother of the little kid. Huh! I wish she was my mother. Anyway she is mine for to-night. I love that lady," and he put the pictures carefully into his inside pocket. Then he climbed into the box to sleep, for Nick had no home and only hired a room on very cold nights.

For a week he watched for the man, at first hoping that he would find him and then hoping that he wouldn't—for Nick had found a great deal of happiness in looking at the "nice lady." Every night he talked to her, and it seemed to him that her eyes answered and told him that she liked him, also. Then there came one of those cold rainy days when papers sell slowly, and few people seem to smile. Nick was feeling lonesome, anyway, when he saw the old man coming down the street. His hand flew quickly to the wallet. Must he give it back? It seemed as if he just couldn't do it, but the old man must certainly want to have those pictures again.

Finally his decision was made, and as the man came near Nick ran to him and said sadly, "You dropped this near me the other day, and I have been hunting for you ever since."

The man took the wallet, counted the bills, and then looked at the badly soiled pictures.

"My name and address were here if you wanted to find me," he said.

"But, you see, I can't read," said Nick.

"Oh, I see," said the man. "Well, all the contents seem to be here still. I suppose you want a reward now."

"No, sir," said the boy proudly, "I don't want a reward, but I wish you would let me look at the lady again. I like her eyes, and I think that she likes me. I haven't anybody to like me, so I hate to give her back to you. I'd like to say good-by to her first."

"Don't you like the baby?" asked the man. "It was her baby."

"Where is she now?" asked the boy, ignoring the question, but seeing that the eyes of the man were full of tears, he said quickly, "Maybe she is dead like my mother. Where is the little kid?"

"That is what I want to know," said the man. "She is dead. I never saw her baby. Maybe he is selling papers like you. I have hunted for him for many years."

"What is his name?" said the boy.

"His name is like mine—Nicholas. See! She wrote on the back of the picture, 'I have named him for you.' "

"That is my name, too. I have it on a card which my mother gave to the hospital when she left me there," said Nick. "She never came back, and they told me that she died."

"Get the card out quickly. Hurry, boy," said the old man, whose hands were trembling so that he could hardly hold the wallet. "Let me see it."

Nick turned one pocket after another inside out and then finally found the card. On it, in a lady's handwriting, were written two words, "Nicholas Barway."

The old man looked at the name and the writing. Then he threw his arms about the boy.

"Nicholas—my Nicholas," he sobbed. "No wonder the lady seemed to say to you that she liked you, for you are her baby boy—that baby in the picture, and she was your

beautiful mother. Long ago she left me, because she thought I was unfair, and I never saw her again. She gave you my name, so she must have loved me to the end. Come, Nicholas —my grandson. Give your papers to another boy. We must be going home. May God be praised that I have found you."

"You will give me that picture to keep always, won't you?" asked the boy. "I guess I am glad to be found, but the best part of it all is that that lady is my mother. 'T isn't any fun to have no mother, you know. I'm glad I gave the wallet back to you, even if it was hard. Now I have a mother and a grandfather," said the boy happily.

Thus Nick, the newsboy, became Nicholas Barway, the grandson of a wealthy man, and together they gave time and money and service to the newsboys of England and then of America.

GIUSEPPE AND THE BIBLE STORY

SUPPOSE you had no Bible of your own and none in your home. Suppose there wasn't even one in your town. What would you do then if you wanted to know something about one of the Bible heroes? Perhaps you think that you would ask your friends; but suppose your friends knew nothing about it. What then?

This boy of whom I am to tell you had heard that Daniel was put into the lions' den, but he did not know if he was eaten or saved, for the person who told him the story did not know. The more he thought about it, the more he wanted to know, but no one that he knew could tell him.

In a city nearly a hundred miles from where he lived there was a Bible—a very precious one that was chained to the desk, covered with a box, and guarded by an old priest.

The boy had heard of this Book, and he finally made up his mind that he was going to the church somehow and find for himself the rest of the story of Daniel.

So he whispered his secret to his mother, who answered, "It is far; you are too young. You cannot go."

Then he told it to his father, who said, "It will cost much money, and you cannot go."

"I can go some day when I am bigger," thought the boy. "I *will* go."

For five long years he thought about the trip, and then one day, when he saw a cart going in the direction of that city, he asked for a ride. At the end of ten miles the cart turned aside, but the boy walked on. When his food was gone he begged from the homes that he passed. At night he slept on the ground near a farmhouse. Occasionally some one gave him a ride in a cart, but much of the way he walked. So it was two weeks before he came to the Italian city where the Book was kept.

It was late in the afternoon when he reached there, but he went to a public fountain, washed his hands and face and feet, and then asked his way to the church. The size of it awed the country boy, so he just sat in one of the seats near the door and wondered where the Book might be. As he was leaving the church he spoke to the old verger about his wish.

"No use!" the man said. "No use! Go home again. The priests are too busy, and you cannot see or touch the Book."

But Giuseppe had come too far to be turned aside so lightly. He asked someone who had been praying in the church which priest was the Bible reader. Then, day after day, he watched for that priest. He felt sure that if he could make friends with him he could see the Book. At last his opportunity came to do the priest a favour, and then things began to look brighter.

At first the boy was afraid to say what he wanted, but one day he told of his long journey and his great desire to hear the story of Daniel read from the Book itself.

The priest listened thoughtfully and then said, "To have the privilege of listening to the Holy Book when it is not church time is not easily to be gained. You may come to the convent to-morrow. For every hour that you work at the tasks which I assign you, I will read to you ten minutes from the Holy Book. But you must work well and willingly."

"May I work three hours to-morrow?" asked the boy. The priest smiled his approval, and the boy went away saying happily to himself, "A whole half hour to listen to the story."

How eagerly he worked the next day, and how thrilled he was to see the priest take the cover from the Book and to hear him slowly, almost painfully, read from the book of Daniel! Perhaps if you look in your own Bible you can judge a little bit as to how much they covered that first day.

Finally the book was finished, and Giuseppe knew that Daniel had been saved to serve his people. Then the priest suggested that he go home.

"Aren't there stories of more good men in the Holy Book? Don't you read them sometimes? Couldn't I work and hear more? I would work more time for ten minutes, for I want to hear," said the boy eagerly.

So he stayed with the priests, who finally sent him to a school. While he was there he decided to give his life to work on and for the Bible. He learned to make beautifully illuminated, hand-wrought copies of the Bible, spending months and months over one short portion of the Book.

Toward the end of his life he said to a friend, "I have spent most of my life with these good men of the Bible, and the more I read and write of them, the more I love them.

I hope the day will come when every boy can have at least one of the stories in the Holy Book for his very own. To live with great men is to want to be great yourself."

ONCE AGAIN

"HALT! Why is this man being shot?" said the general, as he rode into the circle of soldiers just outside of a camp in India.

"He is a deserter, sir," answered the captain. "He was caught running from the field when the battle seemed to be going against us. He has been tried and sentenced to death."

General Napier, loved by all his British soldiers, looked at the boy and then said, "Let us talk it over first. Fear sometimes makes a man do what he does not want to do. I will hear his story first."

So the boy told him of his desire to help, but of the awful fear that had come to him when the bullets were flying across the open space toward him.

"I could not see; I could not shoot. All I could do was to run," he said. "I did not mean to be a deserter, but I was."

After he had talked with the men who caught the boy, General Napier sent for the captain.

"That boy is not a coward at heart," he said. "We won the battle without his help, but we may not be able to win another if he does not help us. He is young. Give him another chance. Put him in the front ranks where the fighting is hardest; let him show you and me whether he is a coward or a soldier."

That night a boy lay on his bunk thinking hard about his narrow escape from death. He had had a chance to look right into the eyes of General Napier, and he could never be the same again.

"General Napier doesn't run from danger," he said. "Neither will I. I will seek for the place where I can do the most. I will do the work of two men and make up for the time that I lost by running away. I will show him that he was not mistaken."

Soon he was indeed sent to the front where the fighting was hardest and before he had been there an hour he was showing what he could do when he tried to be like the brave general. Several times in later battles he was cited for bravery, and promotions came to him steadily. Soon his superior officers knew only too well that some battles might not have been won if he had not been there to help.

All that was needed to change a deserter into a hero was another chance and a real friend to imitate.

ONE AGAINST A THOUSAND

INSIDE the gate of the mission compound stood a young American woman named Mary Morrill. Outside the gate was a yelling, fighting, determined mob whose one great desire was to get inside the gate and murder the three missionaries whom they knew were there. They had forgotten all the kindness which had been shown to them and to their children; they were determined to get rid of the "foreign devils."

Ostensibly guarding the gate, but really in sympathy with the mob, stood Feng Yu-hsiang, a big, strong soldier of nineteen. To him all this was adventure and thrill, and he smiled as he saw them batter at the great gate. It would be fun to see the missionaries fight for their lives.

Suddenly the gate opened, and a young woman, dressed entirely in white, stood there alone—a young woman who

had been fearful, timid, and full of imagination all of her life—Mary Morrill. As suddenly as she had appeared, the noise of the crowd ceased, and her clear young voice carried to the edge of the very crowd.

"Why do you want to kill us? We are your friends. We seek only your good. You know how we have visited you in your homes, how we have taught your children, and cared for your sick in the hospital. Is it for this that you would kill us? Cannot the many lives that we have saved be put to our credit and ours be spared?"

Her only answer was the renewed yells of the angry people as they moved toward her. But she raised her hand to silence them and spoke again in a quiet voice that showed no trace of fear.

"Then let me die for the others. Slay me, but spare my friends. Here I am, helpless; take me—you can do what you please."

As in the days of Jesus when the men would have stoned a woman, so in Paotingfu, China, on that day in 1900, those who were ready to kill dropped their weapons for the moment and went away.

The boy at the gate forgot his orders and went with the crowd, watching them burn the buildings of another mission in which five missionaries lost their lives. He followed them back to see them burn the gate, kill Horace Tracy Pitkin, and carry Mary Morrill and Annie Gould away to a Buddhist temple, from which they took them the next day to be beheaded.

As the mob rushed back to the mission to loot it the boy kept by himself, thinking harder than he had ever done before. He had seen a girl in white, seemingly unafraid, hold those ugly, fanatical men at bay. He had heard her offer to give her life for her friends.

"There is a woman who has a religion that is a religion,"

said the boy. "She offered to lay down her life for the others! The time is coming when I, too, shall have to become a Christian."

To-day General Feng of China, known as the Christian General, would tell you that Mary Morrill, by her bravery and self-sacrifice, first created in him the desire to be a Christian. He did not try to save her life, but nevertheless, she won him for Christ.

SHARING THE BEST

BACK on a farm in Kentucky lived a widowed woman who had four children. The farm was a stony one, and they had few of the comforts of life, but still their home was a happy one. Every evening just before supper she read to the children, and this was the happiest part of the day for them all.

It was nearing Thanksgiving Day, so the mother hunted for the book of poems which she had used in schooldays, and that evening she read to them from the "Vision of Sir Launfal":

> "Not what we give but what we share,
> For the gift without the giver is bare."

"That is a good Thanksgiving thought," said the mother.

"Good for those who have something to share," said the older boy. "But what have we that anyone would want on Thanksgiving Day? We shall have no turkey and no wonderful dinner. I guess folks would neither expect us to give nor to share."

"No one is too poor to share, John," answered the

mother. "We must decide what is the best thing that we have and then be willing to share that with someone else on Thursday. Suppose we each write what we think we ought to share on these slips of paper. Then we can decide together what to do on Thanksgiving Day."

The papers were passed, but the children found it difficult to decide what to choose. Finally, after many suggestions from their mother, the papers were opened and read. John suggested that they share their ride to church that morning; Harry wanted to invite someone to dinner; Dora thought she could find enough late flowers to divide with a neighbour. Finally Gertrude's paper was read.

"Mother is the best thing that we have in this house," she had written. "Suppose we let her go and make the day happier for old Mr. Dean. We can wait for our dinner until Sunday."

At first the children laughed at the suggestion—for Mr. Dean was a very queer, cross, unfriendly man who lived in a small new house about a mile from the farm. But Gertrude insisted that Mother was their best treasure and if they must share their best, Mother must go. At last John was sent to ask Mr. Dean if he would like to have their mother come and brighten up his home a bit while she cooked him a real Thanksgiving dinner.

When John reached the house he found that Mr. Dean was very ill and so was most glad to accept their offer of help in cleaning up the house, even though he could not eat a good dinner. They hitched up the old farm horse, put into the wagon some things that a sick man might like, and carried the mother to her new work. One by one the children ran down to do errands for her, thus trying to make it easy to do what the old man wanted done. When he found that they were planning to go without their Thanksgiving dinner, he insisted that they all come to his house and

have a good dinner there. So while he ate soup on Thanksgiving Day, they had chicken and many other good things.

Well, the mother didn't come back to the farm at the end of the day, or the week, or the month. Mr. Dean became too ill to be left alone, and at last the family moved down to his home. Sometimes he was very cross and fussy; then the children wished they had not been willing to share the best thing that they had with him; sometimes he was very happy to have them all about.

One day a strange man came to visit Mr. Dean; later he came back bringing two other men with him; but Mr. Dean did not say who they were or why they were there. He just smiled and said he felt better to have had them there.

When they had been in their new home almost six months and the snow had given place to the flowers of spring, the old man died.

Among those who came to the funeral was the man who had first visited him. This time he called the family together and read to them from a paper, at the end of which Mr. Dean had signed his name; and this is what it said:

"Not what we give but what we share,
For the gift without the giver is bare.

"To the children of Mrs. Ward, my good friend and helper: Because you shared with me such a beautiful part of your home life, I want to share with you now a part of what I have. I have never had any children to make me happy, but I want to make you all happy instead. I want your mother to have an easier life. I want to say 'thank you' in such a way that you can never forget that you shared with me on Thanksgiving Day.

"All the money which is in the bank I give to Mrs. Ward to be used as she may desire, but I should like each of the

children to have a chance to get a good education. My farm I give to John, who loves a farm. My big wood lot I give to Dora, who knows trees and birds and animals so well. There are plenty of all these things in the wood lot. My two mortgages I give to Harry and Gertrude as a nest egg for their own homes some day. This house is to belong to the family for a new and better home and is finally to belong to Gertrude, who suggested that they share with me on Thanksgiving Day."

"Why, I thought that Mr. Dean was a poor man," said John, when the lawyer had finished reading the will.

"Poor!" answered the man. "No, indeed. He has left you nearly thirty thousand dollars. He was poor in friends but rich in money. He said to me when I was here that he had been happier in the few months since you came than he had been since he was a little boy. So he has shared his best with you, as you shared your best with him."

SOME BOY MAY

MANY years ago there lived on a farm in England a boy by the name of George. The farm was both small and poor, so George had few chances to learn much or to see interesting things. Sometimes he became discouraged and wished he could have the advantages that other boys had.

One day there came word to the farm that a man of renown was to speak in a town not far away, and George gladly seized the opportunity to hear him. During the first part of the lecture there was little of interest to the boy, but finally the man began to speak of some of England's great men and what they had done to bless the world. He spoke of Livingstone and his great achievement in open-

ing up Africa to the world; he told stories of the "Grand Old Man"—William Gladstone—greatly thrilling young George with the tales. When he told of Joseph Parker, the minister of City Temple Church, who had had so little chance to learn, the boy was tremendously interested.

While he was still deep in thought he heard the speaker say, "Who knows but that some lad here in this meeting may some day be great and be honoured by England as these men are."

"What boys are here?" thought George, turning his head to look behind him. "Why, there isn't another boy here. If any boy present becomes a great man it will have to be myself. Well, why not? Perhaps I could be great." When he left the building he had a great new purpose, a new aim for his life.

"I cannot go to school much," he said to himself, "but I can read what these great men thought and did, and I can try to be like them. Perhaps that will help me to be great some day." So he began a careful reading of biography, thereby changing his whole life. He found that these great men loved to help others, so he tried to make his own life useful. Soon his community began to appreciate his worth and to honour him. At last he was chosen to be a member of the British Parliament and thus had an opportunity to help to make the laws of England. So George Nichols, the farm boy, became great in character and became honoured by England, as he chose to study and to emulate great and good men.

HIS TEACHER

AFTER the war General Robert E. Lee longed to retire to private life and live the rest of his days in peace and quiet, but he knew how much depended at that time upon the

future education of the Southern boys and girls. So he took the presidency of Washington College in Virginia and taught some of the classes, in order that he might be able to try to influence the young people for leadership in the Southern states.

In one of his classes there was a boy who worked for a farmer several miles from the village to earn money for his room and board. He was very poor and very self-conscious, so he had made few friends in the two years that he had been in the college. Lee noticed him and knew from the tired look on his face that he was studying late into the nights; he watched him for a time and realized how lonely he must be; then he determined to find a way to help him.

"What do you do between classes," he asked the boy as he was leaving the room one day.

"I look about to see if I can find a classroom that is warm, and then I stay there until I have to move out for a class," said the boy. "I like to be warm, for then I can study better than I can at the farmhouse."

"Don't do that," said the general. "Come to my office and sit. I am seldom there, and the fire is always burning. You can be the custodian of the fire, and then I won't have to think about it. Come to-morrow. You are very welcome."

So the boy went to the office on the following day and found that the general had fixed a place where he could study and had put some good reference books where the boy could get them easily. Sometimes Lee would come in and sit down at his desk. At those times the student found it hard to keep his mind on his lessons, for he wanted to sit and look at the kindly face of his wonderful teacher. Day by day he gained more from Lee than from his books, though he studied hard and willingly.

Lee looked after him when he was sick and then tried

to find him another place where he would not have to work so hard for the money that he earned. Finally, after he graduated, he secured a school for him to teach, and the boy went out determined to teach like Lee and to be as kind to his pupils as the general had been to him.

When later, he, too, was called to serve his country, he was still remembering those days beside the fire in the college office, for he sent these words to his friends just before he died from wounds received on the battlefield, "Tell folks that I did my best to be like my General Lee."

HOW ONE HYMN WAS WRITTEN

IN THE city of Chicago there lived, many years ago, a lawyer by the name of Horatio Spafford. He had made a beautiful home there for his wife and four daughters. In 1873 Mrs. Spafford decided to spend the winter in Europe in order to give the girls the opportunity of studying there, and also to obtain a needed rest and change for herself. While the ship on which they sailed, the *Ville de Havre,* was in midocean, she was struck by a sailing vessel, and in fifteen minutes sank with all on board.

Had it happened to-day, the radio would have searched for vessels in the vicinity and many would have been saved, but there was no radio in 1873. The sailing vessel did what she could to help, but she also was disabled, so only twenty of all the people on board succeeded in getting to land.

Mrs. Spafford became unconscious when thrown into the water. When she revived she found that she had been caught fast to a piece of the wreck—but she was all alone, not one of the four girls could be seen. For the next half

hour she struggled with herself, trying to decide what to do. Should she make a fight and try to be saved without them; or should she go to join them? To loosen her hold was so much easier than to cling to the wreckage in the cold, rough water. She was so tired that she longed to let go, but for her husband's sake she held on and was rescued after great suffering of both mind and body.

In that Chicago home a man was frantic as he read the accounts of the wreck and received no word. Had he lost all five of his loved ones? Then a message came from Wales. It contained just three words, but those three words changed his whole life. The message read, "Saved alone. Anna." All that night he walked the floor, fighting for his faith and his courage. Many months later when he had conquered his doubts and fears, he wrote the old hymn that is sung less often to-day than formerly. But many older people still like to sing it:

> "When peace like a river attendeth my soul,
> When sorrows like sea billows roll,
> Whatever my lot, thou hast taught me to say
> It is well; it is well with my soul."

Mrs. Spafford went back to Chicago and together they decided to dedicate their lives to some form of Christian work. A girl and a boy were born to them to help to take the places of those who were lost. After eight years the family went to Jerusalem to visit the places where their Master had suffered. There in that ancient city they gathered about them a group of people, some Americans, some Swedes, and some English, and formed what is now known as the American Colony. These people live in a compound, having their own separate homes, but eating together and

having a common purse. The children are educated from a common fund, and every child is taught a trade or a profession that is well adapted to his own needs and desires.

Every tourist to Jerusalem knows their beautiful art store, most of the jewelry, lace, brass ware, and photographs being made by members of the colony. But a far more beautiful part of their work is to be seen in their simple, Christian home life together. It is a rare treat to spend a few days in the Colony and absorb some of the inspiration.

Mr. Spafford carried on the work as long as he lived; then Mrs. Spafford was the honoured head. To-day her two children, helped by other trained leaders, are still carrying on—a tribute to the man whose faith triumphed in a time when disaster came to his home.

IF ONLY I HAD

MANY years ago there lived a brakeman whose work was largely confined to runs on an accommodation train. The train carried freight, also, and Matthew often had plenty of time to talk to the other trainmen and to the passengers. Everyone liked him, for he was witty, good-natured, and very accommodating. He had lived all his life in the state and knew many interesting things about the country round about, so he was a popular brakeman.

But he had one or two bad habits. He liked to put things off for a little while—not because it was easier to do them later, but just because, as a boy, he had formed the habit of saying, "Wait a minute." Sometimes he drank a little from a bottle which was often to be found in his pocket, though

he knew that if he were caught drinking it would mean the loss of his position. "I've been drinking for years and haven't had any trouble," he would say. "Why bother me now?"

One night there was a heavy storm, and his train was more and more delayed. It was very cold, and Matthew took a sip or two from his bottle, "to keep his spirits up." Slower and slower the train moved, and then it stopped just beyond a dangerous curve, with a broken part in the engine. The engineer and conductor looked very worried, for both thought of the express that was soon due to pass over this same track.

"Put out your red lantern quickly, Matthew," called the conductor as he passed. "The express is due. Run down to the curve."

"All right," Matthew answered, but to himself he said, "Why hurry! The express will be delayed by the storm also. They can wait until I get my coat. I'll go in a minute."

He went into the car, found his coat, took a sip from his bottle because he had to go out into the cold again, and then moved slowly down the track with the lantern.

His merry whistle stopped suddenly as he saw a bright light just ahead of him and heard the puffing of the coming express. He ran for the curve waving his red lantern, but it was too late, and the express ploughed its way into the standing train, killing some and wounding many of the passengers.

Matthew was nowhere to be found after the wreck, but later he appeared in the village with a wild look in his face and his clothing badly torn. He was swinging an unlighted lantern and saying, over and over, to himself, "Oh, that I had! Oh, that I had!" In a few days he disappeared from

the village, still acting like a little child as he swung his red lantern and cried to all who noticed him, "Oh, that I had!"

THE INDIAN'S STORY

FOR many years Long Horn, the Indian, had resisted all efforts to get him interested in the little church which had been built in the town near his wigwam. He would neither go himself nor allow his squaw to go. But there came to the church one summer a young woman who had a very beautiful voice. Long Horn heard her sing on the street, and then followed the crowd to the church to hear her sing again. Soon he was a regular attendant, and asked to be allowed to join the church.

When the Indians joined the church in that place, each one was asked to tell what it meant to be a Christian, and why he wanted to join the church. Now Long Horn spoke very little English, yet he wanted to be sure to tell a story that would be good enough to gain for him the privilege of joining the church, so he tried to think of a way of showing them what he thought without saying much.

When his turn came he pulled some leaves from a bag and made a ring of them. In the centre of the inclosed open space he placed a worm. Then he set fire to the leaves in two places. As the heat began to come from the fire the worm began to be uncomfortable and moved as quickly as it could from one side to another. Finally Long Horn put a strip of wood down to the ground near the worm; soon it was crawling up the wood, but it was still very warm. The top of the stick was at the opening of Long Horn's pocket. Into it the worm crawled, and was safe from heat and fire.

When the worm had disappeared Long Horn reached

into his pocket and took it out, placing it again in the open space. Pointing to the worm he said, "Long Horn was." Pointing to the burning leaves he said, "Fire water, lies, ugly. Burn Long Horn. Ugh!" Touching the stick he said, "Singing girl show way. Bible, too." Then, replacing the worm in his pocket, he said with a big, happy smile, "Long Horn safe in church. No burn. Feel good."

You may be sure that Long Horn was taken into the little church and soon became a strong leader for Christ.

THE IRON CROSS

SHE was seated at the feet of her old German grandmother looking at some things which they had taken from a treasure box. One by one the grandmother had taken them out and had told the girl how she came to own the bit of jewelry, the faded rose, or the yellow letter. And the girl, to whom old things had a great charm, was thrilled as she listened to the stories of her grandmother's youth.

"And what is this?" she said, picking up an iron cross.

"Read what it says, dear," said the grandmother. "That is one of the things that I shall give to you some day. It is one of the things that I prize most."

"'I gave gold for iron. 1813,'" read the girl. "Where did you get it, Grandmother?"

Reaching for the iron cross, and turning it over proudly in her hands, the aged grandmother said:

"Many years ago our king, Frederick William the Third, was engaged in a great war which he believed was needed for the protection of our country. It had cost great sums of money and at last the treasury was empty. What could he do? If he recalled the troops he would lose the war. Finally

he sent out a call to all the women of the country to come to certain places where his officers were to be. When they came together the officers read to them a letter from the king telling them how much he needed money, and asking them if they would give to their country all their jewelry and their silver, so that it could be sold and turned into money with which to buy materials for war and to pay the men at the front. He said that for each gift he would give a piece of iron which would tell to all the country that the women had helped in winning the war.

"I heard the call of my king. I took my knives and my forks; I gave my pretty jewelry, my table ornaments, and even my wedding ring, for I did not want my king to be worried, nor my country to be invaded by an enemy. I gathered them all together and took them to the king. Then, when he had said 'Thank you,' he gave me this little iron cross to wear upon my dress as a sign that I had helped.

"After the war was over and our country was safe we put these away, except when there was a great celebration or a national holiday. Then we wore them proudly that all might see that we had given our beautiful things to help our king. We all belonged to the Order of the Iron Cross."

For a time the girl was silent, looking at the little iron cross; then her eyes wandered to the mantel where there was a picture of a fine, strong, young soldier boy—her brother, who had gone to France but had never returned. Finally she laid the iron cross back in the box, and reaching for her grandmother's hand, she said tenderly:

"War always costs, doesn't it, Grandmother? It cost you your beautiful things; it costs mother her son, and it cost me my brother; it cost John his life. Perhaps some day we shall all give our beautiful things that we may keep peace."

"And when that time comes," answered the grandmother, "God will be king."

JIM, THE DRUMMER BOY

MANY years ago some tired, discouraged soldiers of the United States army sat around a small camp fire discussing what they could do to save their own lives. They had been cut off from the rest of the company and forced to retreat over a road which was new to all of them. Suddenly they had found themselves in a place where there was no hope at all of going ahead. Before them lay a black, cold, swollen river. On each side of them were mountains whose cliffs they could not scale. Behind them was the enemy, only waiting for morning to come so that they could attack these men. No wonder their faces were solemn, and their usual songs were hushed.

Apart from the rest sat a boy, with his head resting on his drum. He was very young, and he was very small for his age. The men called him Jim, the drummer boy, and they loved him for his cheery smile and for his splendid courage. As Jim listened to his captain telling the rest what to try to do in the morning, the tears rolled down his face. How could he let his men be surrounded in the morning? He hugged his drum closer to him, for somehow he felt very lonely for his mother.

"Mother wouldn't just sit here and wait for morning. Mother would find something to do, I'm sure," said Jim to himself, as he looked up into the stars. "I wish I knew how to help."

For a time he just tried to think what his mother might do. Then he bowed his head on his drum, as he had promised his mother he would every night before he went to bed.

"Help me, God, to help my captain. I am too little to help

alone. Keep Mother safe—and keep me safe to-morrow to go back to Mother again," he said quietly.

Quickly he jumped up and ran to where the men were sitting. His face was covered with smiles, just as usual, and every man felt a new courage as he looked at the little fellow.

"Bill," he said, putting his arm around a very tall, strong soldier, and pulling his hair a little, "would you be afraid to go anywhere that I dared to go?"

"Why, no, Jim," said the soldier, drawing the boy down beside him. "I think I would go anywhere with you."

"Would you men follow anywhere that my drum told you to go, if I led the way?" asked the boy.

"Sure we would, Jim," said the captain. "Where do you want to take us?"

"We will follow you, Jim," cried the men.

"All right, then. Let's go!" said the boy, beating a merry sound on his drum. "Come, Bill, I need you!" and he climbed on the shoulders of the tall, strong man.

"Forward march," went the drum, and the men wonderingly followed the drummer boy across the field and in the direction of the river.

"Quick time," said the drum, and big Bill began to run, while Jim whispered in his ear.

Down the bank and into the cold, swift river went Jim and Bill. At first the men were afraid to follow, for they knew nothing of the depth of the water, but Jim called cheerily, "Come on, men. You said you would follow my drum," and he continued to beat it as merrily as he could. Then they were ashamed to let the boy be braver than they, so all followed Jim. It was a hard struggle, and several times men fell and were in danger of losing their lives.

At last a wonderful sound came to their ears, for Bill and Jim were safe on the opposite bank, and Jim was play-

ing one of the merry tunes that they all loved to hear him play. Every man pushed on in the darkness, and soon they were all safe from the water and safe from the enemy. They had been led by a boy and a drum.

THE LIGHT IN THE WINDOW

HE HAD been born in a little log cabin away back in the country where the chances for an education had been scarce; he had had very few books in his home; but he had reread those few until he could almost repeat them. He had borrowed books wherever he could find them. In order to help to support his mother he had chopped wood, tilled land, and helped in the lumber mills; he had driven mules on the tow path of the canal, eating dry crusts of bread to save money to send to his home. All this time he had had a dream—a dream of an education, no matter how much it cost, or how long it took him to get it.

One day as he was walking through the woods he saw a rare bird. He wanted to know more about it, so he followed it for several hours, running through the swamps, climbing trees, and getting many scratches and bumps. Finally he climbed a tree near to where he was sure the bird's nest must be and waited for it to come home. At last, to his delight, he was able to study it at his leisure and to tell others of his rare find.

As he was going home he said to himself, "Now that is like my chance to go to school. It is more fun to try to get an education when you have to work hard for it. I will work and save and plan, and some day I shall find it close at hand, I am sure."

That is just what did happen. There came to him the

chance to go to Geuga Seminary if he would ring bells, sweep floors, run errands, and do other jobs for his tuition and board.

There were times in the years that followed when he had to have a big imagination to feel that it was fun to strive to win, in spite of all that he could do, for often he had to leave school in order to earn more money to pay for the course. He made high grades and finished two schools before entering Williams College for his advanced work.

Soon he found that another student was very close to him in marks in mathematics. He was striving for a record, and this made him decide to put an extra hour a day on that subject. For a time all went well, but then he had more outside work, and it seemed hard to find the time to do the extra work. One night, when he had finished his lesson and was going to bed, he looked across the campus and saw a light in a window in another house.

"Aha," he said, "so he is still studying. Well, if he needs to study until this hour of the night I had better work another hour and be sure of myself," and he sat down again to his work. That was the beginning of more time still on that mathematics course.

He outdistanced his rivals, and in two years was graduated with high honours from the college. When he was twenty-six he was elected to the State Senate; seven years later he was in Congress; and in 1880 he was elected the twentieth president of the United States. That was twenty-five years from the time that James A. Garfield saw the light in his rival's window which challenged him to work harder for success.

Perhaps his work in the woods showed him the necessity for solid growth; perhaps the mules on the tow path taught him patience; perhaps the light in the window

helped to teach him persistency; but he said, "My mother taught me to have faith in God and to expect to win."

THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER

"MIND the light, Katie. Mind the light!" called the sick man as they carried him down the steep iron ladder on the base of Robin's Reef lighthouse, at the sea entrance to New York harbour. It was a wild night, and the little boat was pitching and tossing at the foot of the ladder, making it very dangerous to try to place the sick man therein. Covering him carefully with blankets, they dipped their oars and began the row through the darkness and wind to the hospital on Staten Island, more than two miles away.

When she could no longer see them Kate Walker, assistant lighthousekeeper, clasped the hands of her two children to lead them into their lonely ocean-bound home. She longed to go with the sick one, but the light must be tended, even though death seemed near to her loved one. The lighthouse was a conical-shaped building rising directly from the sea, having portholes for windows and containing five rooms, the one above the other. At the very top of the building was the lamp which, with its revolving white light flashing a signal every five seconds, warned the incoming seamen of the long, dangerous reef. Close by the lighthouse was a life buoy which, day and night, mournfully sounded its warning note.

For three years this brave family had lived there alone, always busy, for there were many things to be done. Brass must be kept bright about the lamp, lenses must be polished, lamps trimmed, and reports made to the government. Every five hours the machinery had to be wound.

If the fog settled in about them, the engine in the cellar must run to sound the weird and awful siren whistle; if the whistle were silent, a great bell must be pounded for a warning.

Kate Walker knew how to do all this, and sometimes she had helped to do it, but most of the time she had tended the home and the children, keeping the home immaculately neat; she had had the teaching of the children to do, and ofttimes there had been wrecked seamen or visitors to care for and feed. She was only a frail woman, weighing less than a hundred pounds, yet she had need to be very strong and brave.

After ten lonely days and nights word came that Jake had died. They said that after she had gone to the mainland for the funeral she would be expected to return and care for the light until a new keeper could be appointed. As the days went by several men came, but none stayed.

"Too lonely," they said. "How do you ever stay here alone with the children?"

"Just have to," she replied. "One does what is necessary, you know." She did not tell them that over and over she was hearing Jake say, "Mind the light, Katie. Mind the light."

At last there came a suggestion that she be appointed keeper of the light in Jake's place, because no one could be found who was willing to live on the reef. She accepted because she felt that Jake would want her to do so, and for five years she and the children stayed there all alone, not even having someone to tend the light in case she was ill. From sunset to sunrise she tended the light, sleeping a little in the early morning, and then rising to care for the home, the children, and the daily duties of the keeper. Her days were very full, yet she had time to miss Jake and to wish for someone with whom to talk.

After five years an assistant came for a while; later her son, Jake, was appointed to help her. In the summer the lamp room was unbearably hot, for it was made of glass; when winter came it was wild and cruelly cold there, but she never faltered. Once a year she went to New York for a part of the day; twice a year she went to buy supplies on Staten Island, but no more. The lighthouse was her world.

For thirty-five long years Kate Walker kept that light, the only woman lighthouse keeper living in an ocean-surrounded home. Neither sickness, nor fear, nor trouble could daunt her nor keep her from doing her work. Every seaman came to know her, and to love her for her faithful service.

In 1922 the government pensioned her, and she went to live in a little home on Staten Island where she could see the Robin's Reef light flashing at her across the waters. How strange it seemed to be able to walk on the streets, to work in a garden, and to visit with friends again!

"Oh, yes," said this heroine to her neighbour, "it was often hard and lonely at the lighthouse, but you see, Jake said to me, 'Mind the light, Katie. Mind the light,' so there was nothing else to do but to be faithful to my trust."

LOVE YOUR ENEMY

IN THE year 1799, when the French army was retreating from Italy in a great hurry, they left over two hundred men in a little Waldensian village called Bobbi. The soldiers were enemies of Italy; they did not worship as the people of the village did; they had come there to plunder and to kill; but they were ill and needed care. So the Waldensians bound up their wounds and took them into their

simple, Christian homes to stay until they could go back to France.

No word came as to what was to be done with the men. Winter was coming and in many of the homes poverty was sapping the health and the courage of the family. No more money was to be had until the crops had been harvested again. Many of the wounded men could not walk, and none of them had money with which to get home. At last a group of the men of the village went to the pastor of the Waldensian church to talk the matter over with him.

"What shall we do?" they said. "We cannot let them starve; neither do we want the children and the aged of the village to go without food and clothing."

"I do not know what we can do," said the old pastor. "When I do not know what to do I pray. Call together all the men of the village, and we will ask God, together, what to do."

That night when the sunset colours were flooding the sky the men came and knelt in the church. First the minister prayed for guidance, then many men prayed; then all prayed silently until the pastor said in closing, "Thou hast sent these men into our midst; now show us how to be helpful and kind to them, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

As they rose from their knees one man said, "As I prayed there came to me the thought that I could carry one man over the Col de la Croix, which is the nearest way for the men to go home. Many of them can help themselves, if we just encourage them and carry their packs. Suppose we try to get them over the mountain."

Now the Col de la Croix was a very high and a very dangerous pass in the mountains. Snow was to be found there all the year around. To climb it was considered a big task; to carry another would be heroic. Yet a few days later those brave men of Bobbi started with their strange burdens of

sleds, pickaxes, ropes, and soldiers with their packs. It took many days of terrible struggle, and sometimes it seemed as if they would have to turn back, but at last they landed their French soldiers safely in their own country.

As the men of Bobbi started back over the long hard trail, they could hear the French people in the village cheering them and could see them waving a Godspeed. In a group close at the foot of the trail they could see their former enemies with whom they had shared their homes, their food, and even their own lives.

"They are grateful," said one of the men. "It is a great thing that we have accomplished in bringing them over the mountain."

"Nay, man," said the pastor, who had shared the hardships of the journey with his men. "Say not that it is great. It is only Christian. We have to-day proved our right to bear His name."

MISS EMMA'S FLAG

CHANG, the Chinese gardener, seemed much troubled as he stood in front of the houses on the mission compound, holding in his hand a very tattered and faded American flag.

"Miss Emma won't want to stop using it," he said to himself, "but when we are to have such great company I don't like to hang up such an old flag. I wish Miss Emma's little American girls would send her another, I do. I suppose I must ask her what to do about it." So he folded the flag carefully, tucked it under his arm, and hurried along.

"You don't have to use that any more, Chang," she said, when he told her what he had been thinking. "I have a nice new flag which you may hang for the first time to-day."

"And what shall I do with this one, Miss Emma?" he said anxiously.

"I don't know," she replied. "I love it because the girls gave it to me when I first came to China. It is no good, yet I hate to throw it away. Oh, Chang, would you like to have it?" she asked, catching a glimpse of his wistful look.

For answer the Chinaman drew the flag close to him and bowed low before her. All his life he had wished that he could own a "flowery banner," and now this was his very own, and Chang was very happy. Taking it to his home, he spread it out over the bed. Then his mother, a very old lady, carefully mended every hole that she could find in the flag. Both were much puzzled over the best way to keep their treasure safely, until a bright thought came to Chang.

"We will sew it on the bed quilt," he said. "Then it will not tear, and when we spread it over the bed all our friends will see it and wish they, too, had one." So Miss Emma's flag was soon made fast to the very best quilt that they owned.

Several years passed by, and then troublous days came to China. The native Christians were persecuted, and many of them were put to death. For safety they fled to the mission compound, and the missionaries had to think of every means possible to protect them. All flags that could be found in the homes of the missionaries had been brought to the compound and hoisted in conspicuous places, so that the soldiers might realize that America was to be reckoned with if any damage was done to buildings or people in the compound.

Chang no longer lived in the compound but had gone to live in the home of one of the American doctors in another part of the city. Here, also, many of the refugees had come for protection.

"You should have a flag here," said Chang to his master. "You would be safer with a flag."

"I know, Chang. I wish I did have one. But mine is at the hospital, and it is more needed there than here. We shall just have to trust God to care for us without the help of a flag."

That night Chang stood by the side of the bed in his own home. Over the bed was his dear quilt, his greatest treasure, and Chang's face was again full of trouble as he looked at it.

"If I take it off from the quilt and hang it on the pole it will soon be torn, and then I shall have no flag; but if I leave the Master's house without a flag, then perhaps they will be killed. Oh! Oh! What shall I do? If Mother were here now she would know. Shall I take it off? I will cover it over me and then decide in the morning."

Next day when the missionary returned he saw a strange sight near his home. There was a very crooked pole standing in front of his door and on it something was waving. It looked like a flag, but there were no bright colours to be seen. Hurrying along, he saw that it was really a flag—his own dear American flag. Beneath it, with a beaming face, stood Chang.

Pointing to the flag, he said reverently, "Miss Emma gave it to me to make me happy. I give it to you to make you safe—my flowery banner that I love."

As the days went by the flag became more and more ragged, until it seemed as if it could not longer hold to the pole, but never a soldier tried to shoot it down or to do any damage to anyone who stayed beneath its protection, and when it was taken down, too far gone even to be sewed on a bed quilt, Chang took it home, this time to put it away in a box where, from time to time, he could take it out and think how much his flag had done to help in time of trouble.

THE MOODY OF JAPAN

KIMURA was a little Japanese boy whose home was far back in the mountains. He had never been very happy in his home because his father drank. Finally the boy decided that he would try to save his father's soul. He had been taught that prayer and sacrifice would do it. So on a cold winter day he jumped into the icy water of the river thirteen times, each time repeating a prayer for his father. When he saw no good come from his act he lost faith and decided that he would see what the missionaries would tell him if he went to their meetings.

But his parents did not want him to learn of the foreign religion, so when he came home and told them of how the missionary prayed, they beat him and forbade him to go again.

"Shall I go and then be whipped, or shall I stay at home?" questioned the boy in his own mind. "I shall have a long time to listen to what they say if I go—perhaps all morning. A whipping will only last five minutes, so I think I will go." He traded things that he owned in order to buy parts of the Bible, and then he learned them so that he would still have them if his mother burned his papers. When he finally decided that he wanted to become a Christian he knew that it was going to cause a lot of trouble in his home.

"I will say nothing about what I believe," he said, "but I will live so that they will see that I am different and better." He had often refused to work, but he began to do the hardest work with a smile, and he was kind to everyone. In his new life he was very happy, so he finally decided to dedicate his life to the service of God.

After he had gone to higher schools in Japan, he decided that he must go to America and study under Moody, the great evangelist, and learn how to win men for Christ. He had no money, but his mother helped him to secure money enough for his ticket, and he sailed for the strange land.

He longed to go to Moody's school, but for months he had to struggle just to earn enough to eat. Finally friends who believed in his mission made it possible for him to go. One night he heard Moody preach from the text, "Go to Work." That night he began to try in earnest to win his countrymen for Christ, and the next evening he told Moody that he had won fifteen.

"That is good," said Moody, "but there are fifty million more to be won. Go after them." Those words gave to him a great desire to go home and work for God. He finished his college work and then was given his passage money by a friend who heard him tell of his dream for the future.

To-day Kimura is known as the Moody of Japan, and he is one of the great Christian leaders in that land. He has a wonderful power over the men of the street and is never so happy as when he is telling of his love for Jesus Christ. Just as he was willing to jump into the icy water to save the soul of his father, so now he is willing to make any sacrifice necessary if he can only win men to a higher life.

ONE BOY'S GIFT TO THE WORLD

THE beautiful sunset had just faded, and darkness was beginning to fall one September day in the year nineteen hundred twenty-five when two boys, who were returning from their summer's work, saw ahead of them Lake

Kensico in New York State. They had been hurrying along in their auto hoping to spend the evening in their home, which was not far away. Turning a sharp curve in the road, they saw a long line of automobiles halted right at the bridge. One had been telling a merry story, and so both just waited for a few minutes, thinking that the line would soon move on. At last they stepped from the car, and with laughter still on their faces, they ran down the line to see what had happened to the first car. As they drew near Richard Craig, a boy of seventeen, exclaimed, "Look at that crowd. There must have been an accident. I think I see a car down there in the water. Here, take my sweater, and I'll get ready to help if I can. Lucky I have been in the water a lot this summer."

Close to the bridge stood a big crowd of people; some of the women were crying, and several had fainted. The boy quickly stripped off his shoes and his shirt while going down the bank, and then asked one who stood near, "Tell me just what has happened."

"There are two little children in that car in the water, but none of the men can stay under water long enough to get them," was the reply.

Finding a big rock from which he could dive, he went quickly into the cold, dark water. He found the door of the car and pulled himself down to its level, all the time trying to open it; but the pressure of the water was greater than he could master. He tugged and pulled and thought he must surely go back, when it suddenly opened. He pushed his hand into the car and began to pull out the cushions. Yes, there was an arm—a body. Would he have enough breath to get it out? His head was aching, and his lungs felt ready to burst. The child was wedged in, and it was only after he had torn the little dress almost off that he felt the

body give; then he was soon kicking his way back to the surface where other swimmers were ready to help him.

For a little time he lay flat on the big rock with his blood pounding through his veins and everything in confusion about him. Meantime he heard the crowd calling, "Boy, there is another child there. Please try to get the little boy. Go down once more."

Of course he was going down again, but the crowd ought to wait until he could rest a minute, he thought. He breathed hard and exercised his body for a little; then he dove in again, staying down a long time, it seemed to the crowd, but coming up alone, saying, "There is no child there. It must have been drowned when the car went in. I will try once again, but I am sure there is no child there."

"It was in the front seat," called someone from the bank.

The wind was blowing, and the boy was blue with cold, but he took the third dive. This time he decided that he must crawl inside the car, even though there was great danger that the door would close and shut him in, perhaps making him lose his life, also. With one foot he wedged the door open and then crawled in, throwing out the cushions and parcels as he did so. As he pushed his hand down near the steering gear he found the little fellow, all white and cold.

"My, I hope he isn't fast in here like his sister was. I can't pull, for I am so tired. It would be awful if I should lose him now that I have found him, but I can't stay here long now," he thought.

Carefully he worked his way out of the car. The baby was small, but he seemed a ton weight to the tired boy. To his delight the water helped him move the child, and soon they were at the surface.

How the crowd did cheer when they saw the two come up! Some of the people knew the boy, and they cheered for

their friend; to most of them he was a stranger, but they knew he was a *great* hero, and they waited to grasp his hand and tell him so.

But Richard Craig just rested long enough to get strength to climb the hill; then he took a short cut to get to his car and drove away.

"It was too cold to stay around and talk to folks after being in the water so long," he said to his friend. "Let's hurry home to the folks. My, I'm glad I knew how to stay under water and so could save the two children. That was a great chance."

MVONDU

THE day had not yet begun to break when the long line of black people began to make their way toward Efulen Hill in western Africa. Their faces were sad, and their walk was slow, for Mvondu, their young leader who had been such a good friend, was dead; dead when he was needed so much in their homes; dead when he was only twenty-five years old and eager to work for God. As they walked they talked of his goodness, his loyalty, and his wonderful stories from the Bible.

"When my baby died Mvondu was there to help," said one mother.

"He made me ashamed when I had been ugly and cruel," said a big, strong man.

"Mvondu taught me to love God, and I am glad," said a girl.

"Mvondu, Mvondu," one heard it everywhere along the way. "What shall we do now that he has died? Who will tell us the news of God?"

So a great crowd of people came to the little church on

Efulen Hill. The funeral was to be a testimony meeting, and all could tell, if they wished, what Mvondu had done for them. They began with the first arrivals early in the morning, and at four in the afternoon many were still waiting to speak his praise. At last the long procession started for the cemetery on the hilltop where Mvondu, a native worker, was buried with the American missionaries who had given their lives for the cause of Christ.

And who was Mvondu? Just a native Bulu boy who had gone through the Bulu school and through the German school, and in so doing had earned a grammar-school education. When he had finished school he had asked to be allowed to go through the little villages doing loving deeds. Calling the people together with his cheery, "Come and let me tell you the news of God," he had won hundreds for Christ, and had earned the love of thousands of his fellow countrymen. During his last years he had served as assistant in the mission station because of the scarcity of missionaries, and it was there in the hospital that he had died.

The Sunday after the funeral there was a large crowd of people at church—many hundreds of them. They were still asking one another, "Who will tell us the news of God?"

Suddenly Dr. Weber rose and said to them, "If you really loved Mvondu you must want to do some of the work that he had planned, but had not time to finish. I want to finish some of his work, and I know you want to, also. We show our love by what we do and not by what we say. Why do you not tell others of the love of God? Why can you not help those who are lonely and discouraged as he did? Suppose you show me how much you loved him by telling me how many days of his work you will do. Remember, it means working faithfully all day and without fighting or grumbling. Mvondu was a faithful worker. If you do

his work, you must try to be like him and work with a smile. Now tell me what you want to do."

As a man, the mass of people rose and raised their hands to show that they were ready. The missionaries wrote the promises—some five, and some ten, some even thirty days of work. When all had spoken who wished to do so Dr. Weber added the columns. Had he made a mistake? Surely the people had not given the sum that he had made. Yes, it was really true. As a proof of their love for young Mvondu they had promised sixteen years of work—over five thousand days. And that is not all of the wonderful story. Later, when those promises had all been made good, the Mission found that over two thousand men and women, boys and girls, had come to confess Christ and had asked to be taught more of the Christian way of life through the efforts of Mvondu's friends.

So though the faithful black boy died, his work went on, because his people really loved him.

THE MOST UNSELFISH BOY

TOM and Robert were friends and classmates at Peddie School in New Jersey, so of course they both knew of the Durlin Bushell prize of a five-dollar gold piece which was given each year to the most unselfish boy in the school, this being the interest money received each year from the back pay of a young aviator who had lost his life in the World War. Peddie was very proud of the record of this young former student of the school, and so it was considered a great honour to be chosen for that prize.

Tom's father had plenty of money and he had no need to earn his way, but Robert's father was very poor, so Robert

waited on table and did many little odd jobs in order to earn enough to be able to stay in school.

One morning at breakfast Tom noticed that Robert's face was very red, and that he seemed to find it hard to carry the trays from the kitchen.

"You had better go home and spend the day in bed," he said to Robert.

"I am only tired from overstudy," said the boy. "I'll be all right soon."

Dinner time came and Robert was not there, so Tom went to his room to find out what was the matter. There he heard that he had been sent to the hospital with scarlet fever. Now Tom knew how necessary it was that Robert should hold his place in the dining room, and he knew how many boys would be glad to have it.

"Scarlet fever means six weeks in quarantine," he said to himself. "Something will have to be done to help him." All afternoon he thought it over, and then he went to the office to speak to the dean.

"I want to take Robert's place for the time that he is in the hospital, but I would rather that he did not know who is doing the work. Send his pay envelope to him each week so that he will not worry about being able to stay in school," he said with a smile. "The boys won't understand, but never mind."

All that week in the hospital Robert wondered what was to happen when he was well again. Would he have to go home? Could he make up his lessons? Who would pay the hospital bill? Saturday morning some mail was placed on his bed, and among the letters was one saying that his salary had been credited on his account, and would be available when he was well.

"How can this be?" he asked the nurse, but she did not know. A few days later she said, "A new boy is in your

place, but I do not know his name. He thinks that this week's pay ought to come to you."

No one could come to see him, and so Robert puzzled over the matter all through his sickness, for every week his notice came about his pay. In the dining room Tom worked away, finding it very hard at times, for he was not used to any sort of work, but minding still more the fun that the boys made of him for working when he did not have to do so.

At the end of the six weeks Robert came back unexpectedly one day, bringing with him the money which surely would have to be shared with the new boy. To his amazement he saw Tom just entering the dining room with a big tray on his hand.

"Hi!" Tom called cheerily. "Three cheers for our returned waiter," and he handed his tray to Robert. "No, indeed," he said when Robert tried to pay him for his work, "you don't owe me one cent. I owe you more than you know. I never dreamed that it was such fun to help another boy. Thanks for the job."

Peddie School had been watching these two boys and had seen Tom's splendid gift to the poorer boy. So at the end of the year they told the story, and then presented the coveted five-dollar gold piece to the most unselfish boy—Tom, the substitute waiter.

A CROWDED STREET

GREAT news had come to one of the cities of China: a new governor had been selected and would be coming through their streets that very day. Would he make life harder for them? They had heard that he was an officer in

the army. Would that mean that he would make taxes higher and draft their boys for his ranks? Old and young, rich and poor, were interested and crowded the streets to look at him.

The sound of music reached their ears; ah, he was coming with his army, so they pressed toward the gate. Nearer came the soldiers until they could see their weapons gleaming in the sun, but somehow the music sounded strange to the waiting people. The men were certainly singing as they marched.

You and I would have recognized the words and music, perhaps; but those people recognized only the fact that that singing pointed out to them. This was the Christian General—General Feng—who was entering their city with his singing soldiers, and their song was his battle song:

"Onward Christian soldiers
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before."

Suddenly cheer upon cheer rose from those Chinese people. They had heard of the kindness of this man since he had become Christian; they had been told tales of his justice to his men and his own clean living. They knew that he had taught his men to be Christian. Such a man would not be unfair to them or to their children. They were happy to greet him as their leader—this first Christian governor who was bringing into the city the first Christian Chinese army.

But one who stood in the crowd and watched the general was thinking of another crowded street twenty-two years before when this same man, then a boy of twenty-two, had seen Mary Morrill stand before the angry crowds and

offer her life for her friends. (See story "One Against a Thousand.")

Then he had said, "Some day I shall have to be a Christian." Now the people were calling, "Welcome to this man who comes in the name of Christ." Mary Morrill's sacrifice had not been in vain.

When Jesus faced the crowds they called, "Hosanna!" and later, "Crucify! Crucify!" When General Feng faced the crowd they were calling, "Kill! Kill!" and later, "Welcome! Welcome!" And what a difference in the result!

A GOOD INVESTMENT

JOSEF was just a pale, thin little Polish boy of eleven years, yet because he could play the piano he was expected to earn money to help support the family. Nervous and delicate in health, the boy did his best to please those who came to hear him, but it was very hard work. All marvelled at his playing, yet they pitied the little fellow, and at last one, more wise than the rest, sent to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children and asked them to investigate the case and protect the boy.

Thus it happened that one night, after Josef had played, Mr. Gerry of that society called his father aside and told him that Josef must be taken from the stage, and that arrest would follow any more work that he might be allowed to do. His father could not see the justice of this order, for Josef had been playing in Poland for four years and had come to America because more money could be earned here. But he dared not disobey, and so the boy's career seemed ended. He could take no lessons if he did not earn money, and he would soon lose his skill if he did not study; so the

outlook at the boy's home was not a happy one that day.

Sometimes, however, that which seems a great calamity proves to be a blessing. Mr. Gerry, who had taken him from his work, was a kind-hearted man. He had listened to Josef, and he knew that if he were well and strong and had more training he might be a great musician. So he talked of him to his friends, especially to those who had money to invest somewhere.

"Why not invest in a boy?" he said. "It will pay you big dividends."

Finally one man, Alfred Corning Clark, decided to act on his suggestion. Thus it came about that fifty thousand dollars was placed in the bank for the use of the father of the boy, who was to take him back to Poland, care for his health, send him to school, and let him study under Anton Rubinstein and other great teachers. He was to give no concerts until he had grown to manhood.

Carefree and happy, Josef grew steadily in health and in ability to play. At last, in 1894, six years after leaving America, he gave his first concert on an English stage. Many notables were there, but Josef was most proud to play for just one man whom he had never seen before—Alfred Corning Clark, his benefactor, who had come to hear him play. Only once again did he ever see this friend who had done so much for him, for Mr. Clark did not enjoy being thanked or applauded. As Josef played that night of the first concert, the audience knew that another great musician had been given to the world.

Because Mr. Clark and Mr. Gerry believed in the little pale-faced Polish boy and were willing to help him to be his best, the world to-day has one of its greatest musicians and composers—Josef Hoffman. Was it worth an investment of $50,000? Does it usually pay to invest in a boy?

A NEGRO MOTHER'S SACRIFICE

"THIRTY-FIVE dollars!" said John, as he looked at the secondhand organ in the music store. "Only thirty-five dollars! That isn't much for a real organ. My! I wish Mother would get it for me. I don't suppose she can, but I am going to see what I can do, anyway." So he ran home to ask for the prize.

John was a Negro boy, and his mother, who was a widow, found it almost impossible, with the small wages which she was able to earn, to keep them both clothed and fed. Life for her was one long struggle. John was a good boy and tried to help when he could, but he had one great longing, and because of this he often made the life of his mother miserable. He loved music, and he wanted something upon which to play. Every time he saw an instrument for sale, or found that one of his friends had bought something which could be used to make music, he begged his mother to buy something for him, although he knew only too well how little she had with which to buy unnecessary things. He had thought he wanted many instruments, but he had never seen one that he wanted as he did this organ.

Of course, his mother said "No" when he told her about the organ, but John just couldn't, and wouldn't, take that for an answer. Morning, noon, and night he talked about that organ and wondered how he could possibly get it. He watched the store to see that it was still there. At last his mother became so tired of having him tease for it that she impulsively gave him five dollars, which had been paid to her for work, and said that if that would buy it he could have it.

John took the money to the store, and the owner of the

organ said that he could have it and pay for it as he could get the money. This seemed all right to the boy, so he had it sent home. When the organ was brought into the house the boy was so happy that he could hardly contain himself, but his mother's face was very grave, for John had told her of his bargain, and she did not see how she could ever make the rest of the payments on it. Rather than spoil his pleasure, she went back to her work, leaving him alone with the organ.

Soon she heard someone playing softly but correctly, and then she heard the music of several of the old hymns. Wondering whom the boy could have found who could play so beautifully, she tiptoed into the room to see. On the organ stool, his head bent lovingly over the keyboard, sat her boy, John, pouring out his happiness through the keys of the organ, though he had never had a lesson in his life. He saw no one, heard no one, for he was lost in the music which he was making. From that moment his mother knew that her boy had a great gift and that she must make every effort to help him develop it.

Hard days followed before the organ was paid for and his lessons assured. He finished the high school; then friends made it possible for him to attend one of the mission schools, Avery Academy. Soon he could play well enough to give lessons and to earn money by playing church organs. He had the joy of studying under some of the great teachers in the Eastern states as the years went by. Finally, after many years of faithful and efficient service, his state recognized his ability, for he, a Negro, was asked to play at the dedication of the organ at the State College of South Carolina. Later he was made assistant organist and was given the degree of Master of Arts in Music.

To-day he is one of our great musicians. His pupils are scattered far and wide, one of the most noted of them be-

ing William Sandford Lawrence, the accompanist of Roland Hayes. In a comfortable home in the South that mother has lived for years, loved and honoured by her famous son, John Donovan Moore, for whom she bought the organ long ago.

"Much as I love my music," he said to a friend one day, "it always comes second in my life. Mother comes first of all."

ONE GIRL'S DREAM

SHE came as a Danish immigrant in 1893, looking very strange and very poor as she stood at Ellis Island, waiting to see if her parents would be allowed to land and make their home on the plains of the Northwest. Things were so strange about her that she kept close to her mother. Who would have dreamed then that she would ever be brave enough to go all alone to the hardest mission country in the world to work for God? Who would have imagined that in fifteen years she would make her way, almost unaided, to be a refined and educated young American woman?

Perhaps if she had not loved to read, her whole life might have worked out very differently. But she did, and because there was no school or church anywhere near her home most of her school time had to be spent away from her parents. It was one of the new friends that she made while trying to work her way through high school who loaned her a copy of a book called, "The Post of Honour." Christine Iverson read it through twice. Then she laid it down with a firm conviction in her mind. Some day she would find a "post of honour." Some day she would give her life to a great and noble work for humanity.

With this dream in mind she started to work for an edu-

cation, and fifteen years after she landed she was a graduate of a medical school and of a large university. She had paid back every cent of money borrowed for her education and had asked to be sent to Arabia to work among the Mohammedan women whose lives were spent in the seclusion of their own homes with nothing uplifting or challenging. She had lived a hard life herself, and so she was ready to offer to give her life to a hard task.

At the head of the Persian Gulf is the busy city of Busrah. All about the city are the vast plains where great hordes of people live in filth, poverty, and ignorance. In the city it was not easy to gain admittance to the homes, but out on the plains, where most of the people lived in the black camel-hair tents, they were glad to see a happy, sunny, American woman who could talk with them easily in their own language; who could tell them wonderful stories; and, best of all, who could show them what to do to help their eyes, made painful by the intense glare of the sun, the lack of cleanliness, and the bite of the ever present insects.

To these needy people Christine Iverson gladly went. After a time she married Dr. Bennett, and the two ran a splendid hospital in the city of Busrah, bringing to it their new friends from huts and tents. Soon she was greatly loved in the city of Busrah; she had learned to look beyond what she saw to what these people really wanted to be, and so she loved them.

The war came when she had been there but a few years, and immediately the hospital had to care for wounded British as well as the wounded Arabs and Turks. They filled the beds; the floors were covered; and finally some were calling for care from little buildings near by and from hastily arranged tents. What could the few nurses and doctors do with such an influx of sick and wounded! Dr. and Mrs. Bennett worked night and day as the typhus fever and

malaria began to spread, but still she was trying to smile and to spread cheer where only fear was to be seen. Like Florence Nightingale, Mrs. Bennett moved among the patients who watched for her coming, even if she had only time to smile at them.

One morning Dr. Bennett could not go to work, and soon he was unconscious with fever. As she bent over him her courage began to wane, and she longed for some of the home folks in America to help her care for him. How glad she was that he did not know that she felt very tired and homesick. When his fever had run its course and he looked for her, she was not there. She had died at her Post—the Post that she had so honoured with her life and with her service. That was in 1916, so she had given only a few years to the work; but Christine Iverson Bennett left something behind her that cannot die. She still lives in the hearts and lives of those Mohammedan women and children whom she loved and served. They buried her there near her work—but the little Danish immigrant girl had made good. She had smiled and worked and lifted, and so she is honoured to-day in American missionary literature, as well as in the memory of the people with whom she worked in Arabia.

THE OPEN DOOR

WHEN he was a boy he was considered so dull and stupid that it was hardly deemed worth while to keep him in school. No one felt sorry when he left school at fourteen and began to work in a shop where lasts for shoes were made.

To-day his name is honoured wherever Christian missions are studied, and one of the greatest nations of the

world, China, owes him a tremendous debt of gratitude. His name was Robert Morrison.

The change began when he found out a secret: "God and I can do great things." As soon as he began to desire to please God he began to study, even pushing his way through college. In 1804 he was told that he could go to China as the first missionary to that country. So he hired a Chinese student to teach him the language, and he hunted about to get whatever he could to read in Chinese. To his delight, he found in the British Museum a copy of the New Testament in Chinese. This he copied and almost learned. While he was doing it he was beginning his great work for God, though he had no idea that he had really started.

"Do you really think that you can change the great Chinese Empire with all its idol worship and strange beliefs?" asked the man on whose ship he was to sail for China."

"No, indeed," he replied, "but I expect, and know, that God will." In that faith he sailed for the unknown and closed land—in 1807. Having in his possession his copy of the New Testament which he had copied in London, he began to reprint parts of it, hoping in this way to tell the story of Jesus in China. Often his life was in danger; sometimes it seemed to him that his work had been useless; yet for twenty-seven long years he pushed on, believing that God would use what he did to open the doors of China. Then he died and was buried there in China, where he had given his life to the work. He had translated the whole Bible into Chinese, besides publishing a large Chinese dictionary and many other helpful books. This was a tremendous piece of work at that time.

"God has begun to change China," Robert Morrison said at the close of his life, "and I have only helped him a little."

WHY HE WAS CHOSEN

IF YOU had been walking along the streets of Paris very early one morning, you would have seen a boy standing near the door of one of the largest banks of the city. He was neatly dressed and was apparently much interested in the people who entered the building. Occasionally he would move down the street and look into one of the windows, but even then his eyes were constantly turning toward the door of the bank.

"I wonder if I shall have to ask any of those men to help me," he thought to himself. "That gray-haired man looks as though he would be interested in helping a boy."

Suddenly the great doors swung open and the boy, after straightening his tie and brushing a speck of dirt from his coat, entered the building and made his way to an office on the second floor.

"Good morning," said the gray-haired man at the desk. "What can I do for you?"

"Do you need a boy here? I am strong and I should like to work in a bank," said Jacques.

"We have no need for one just now," answered the banker. "I will take your name and address and when we need a boy I will send for you."

Jacques sat down by the table and answered several questions, trying hard not to show how nervous he was under the careful scrutiny of the man who already had learned to like the manly boy. As Jacques finally turned to open the door and leave the room he saw a pin on the floor. Remembering the training of his mother, he picked it up and pinned it out of sight under the lapel of his coat.

The banker had been watching him to see what sort of

an appearance he made when walking across the floor, and so he saw him pick up the pin.

"Ah ha!" he said to himself, "that boy is careful in little things. That is one of the qualifications for a banker. A penny saved is a penny earned. He is neat in his appearance and courteous in his manner. I think I can find a place for him until an opening comes in the regular work. Come back, Jacques," he called, "I have more things to ask you."

Five minutes later Jacques Laffitte was starting in as errand boy for Perregaux, one of the greatest bankers in France. Just to be with this great man was an inspiration to the boy who never again left the banking world. Gradually his name became as well known as that of the man who had hired him. He amassed a great fortune, a large part of which he used in helping the poor and the French government. At last he was made Minister of Finance, as well as Première of France under Louis Philippe. The picking up of a pin when a boy, he said, had given him the opportunity to make Jacques Laffitte, the son of a poor country carpenter, become an honoured and influential citizen of France.

WHISTLER'S MASTERPIECE

HIS father, a very noted engineer, was known as Major George Washington Whistler, but the boy was called James Abbott McNeill Whistler. With such a long, dignified name, one would think that the boy might have been easy to manage, but such was not the case. He was happiest when in a fight, especially if using words as weapons. Being artistic by nature, he disliked to settle down to hard and steady work. His mother, who was a

very gentle, courteous lady, found it hard to understand him, but she was his constant companion and teacher. She knew that his future life would be hard if he could not learn self-control, so she did her best to train him.

When he was eight years old his father was asked by the Czar of Russia to superintend the building of a railroad there, and the family moved to St. Petersburg. It was there, seven years later, that his father died, just when the boy needed him most. Perhaps his mother thought that she dared not try to guide him alone; at any rate, she came back to America so that he could attend a school and prepare for West Point, which he entered two years later. Here, for the first time, he began to realize that his mother had told him the truth about the necessity of learning self-control. Military discipline and the strict attention to little things were hateful to him, and he was soon sent home again, much to his mother's dismay.

It was then that he decided that he wanted to give his life to art, so his mother moved to Paris in order that he might have a chance to study under great artists. Again his old enemy came to trouble him; his work was greatly criticized for its careless workmanship, and he found that if he was ever going to succeed he would certainly have to pay attention to details, and to be more thoughtful of the rights of others. A study of the etchings and the portraits which he did a little later when he lived in London show how faithfully he tried to overcome his fault.

One day as he sat in the beautiful home which he had made for his mother, who was now a dear, white-haired, old lady, he felt a great desire to make a portrait of her, just as she was used to being seen in his home. Perhaps he wanted to do it so that he might have the picture when she was gone from the home; perhaps he just realized what a beautiful mother she had been and knew that, because he

loved her so much, he might give a great portrait to the world. Soon the sittings began, tedious for her ofttimes, but still willingly given.

"One likes to make old mummy as nice as possible," he said to a friend, and he did his very best. He himself, at this time, was having many bitter disputes with the artists of the day, for he was still very fond of having his own way, and of thinking that his own way was best. Perhaps he had often seen his mother when she looked determined to have her own way in dealing with him, but that is not the way he wanted the world to remember his mother. Amid all the stress and strain of his life, he found comfort and happiness in her calm, quiet dignity, so he painted her thus, just as he liked her best, sitting in her straight-backed chair, dressed in a plain black dress with a dainty white cap and neck scarf. Her hair was drawn tightly back and her hands were clasped in her lap. She was very dignified and very precise, but she was very beautiful in her old age.

James Abbott McNeill Whistler has been dead for nearly twenty-five years, and many art galleries on both sides of the Atlantic have among their treasures some of his etchings, landscapes, or portraits. He has been called by many the greatest painter of the Nineteenth Century, and his name is held in great honour in America, the land of his birth. Many of his paintings have come to America, but his greatest one—his masterpiece—hangs in the Luxembourg Gallery in Paris. It is the famous portrait of his mother. People come from all over the world to see it, going away with the resolve that they will buy a copy to hang upon the walls of their homes. When one stands before it it is as if Whistler were saying, "See—I want you to love my beautiful mother. She was a great mother and her training helped me to become what I did."

Note. A trio of pictures that would make a fine study for Mother's Day would be Whistler's Mother, Rembrandt's Mother, and Whittier's Mother (from the painting in the Amesbury Home).

THOSE OBSTACLES

IN HER pocketbook was a tiny Chinese shoe which she had carried there for more than two years as she struggled to earn her way through school, sometimes ironing for hours at a time; sometimes scrubbing hallways; sometimes tending children or cooking meals; and all the time studying hard that she might be able to pass her examinations.

"The children of China are waiting for me," she said. "I must not get tired or discouraged, no matter how difficult the way. These hard times will get me ready to do harder work in China some day." So she pushed steadily on.

Then one day there came a letter from the Board. "We find that you have one ear that does not function. If so, it will be impossible for you to go to China under the Board."

Not go to China! Why, the children were waiting for her! She was needed there. The whole world seemed to topple at her feet as she tried to think her way through. At last she came back to the sentence with which she had consecrated her life to him at the very beginning of her dream, the day when she had put the little shoe in her purse:

"If God wants me to go he will open the way. God shall have his way in my life."

She wrote to the Board, explaining that the ear had given her no trouble during all her years in school, and that she felt that she must go. Back came the answer: "Pass a splendid physical examination next year and we will send you."

Once again she went to work happily, but her long hours of work, both mental and physical, were telling on her. One day she could not stand, and things became black before her.

"You are on the verge of a severe nervous breakdown," said the doctor. "You must have absolute rest and quiet."

"But, doctor," she cried, "I can't be ill. My physical examination comes in one month. I just *must* pass it, for I must go to China."

The good doctor shook her head, but offered to help her as much as she could. She took her into her own home, and with her wonderful care she sent her to her examination to pass it with flying colours.

What a happy day it was when word came that she was to sail in August for China! It was hard then just to study and take lectures as, little by little, she began to buy the things that she needed. She was thrilled by the thought that two great events of her life were so soon to crown her hard work of the many years—her graduation from Boston University and her consecration as a missionary. Every day was a happy day.

But there came another letter from the Board. Supposing it to be some information, she opened it without fear to read: "Because of the unsettled conditions in China it has been decided that no more missionaries will be sent to that country at least for a year. Will you go to India?"

This seemed like the hardest blow of all. That little shoe in her pocketbook had been such a help in her struggle. She did not want to go to India. Tired as she was from the work of the year, it was easy to let discouragement begin to creep in. Didn't God want her to work for him at all? Had she been deceived all these years? Her faith in the leading of God, which had been so strong, began to waver. There was only one thing to do—she must pray God to show her

why all these things had come to keep her from China. So she prayed and waited for her answer.

One day she saw it all. "Why, God didn't put that shoe in my pocket," she thought. "I put it there my own self when the missionary gave it to me after she told us of the needs of the children of China. I have never asked God if he wanted me to go there. I have just said that I was going. Perhaps God has a much bigger work for me in India. If God is to have his own way in my life, I must go where he opens the way. How foolish I have been to think that I knew best. Of course I will go to India."

So in 1927 she sailed away for India, young, eager, happy, and contented to go where the way was open. A year later, after telling in a letter of the great opportunities which had come to her, she wrote to one of her teachers:

"My dreams have come true in a far more wonderful way than I could have expected, and I am extremely happy here. Each day makes you wish that you could live to be a hundred and work for India."

SONA MONA SINGH

SONA MONA SINGH—at least, that was her name until it was changed, all in a day, to one that she had never heard before. You see, it came about in this way. A group of girls were crowding around a missionary in India one day when she said to them, "I have a very interesting thing to tell you to-day. The news has just come to me from America. In one of the towns near Boston there lives a lady named Mrs. Johnson. She wants an Indian daughter, but she has little money, so she is going to earn some money by doing washings for others. She will send to me twenty-

five dollars, and I am to choose a daughter for her, give her a new name, and send her to school for a whole year. Now who will be her daughter?"

Up flew the hands of the girls, each trying to make her hand reach nearer to the missionary than the others. It wasn't an easy choice for the lady, but after a time Sona heard a voice say, "I think Sona may be Mrs. Johnson's little girl and have the chance to go to school. Once Mrs. Johnson loved a girl named Bertha, and she wants that to be your first name. Then she wants your other American name to be Robinson, which is the name of her good pastor and friend." So Sona went to the mission school and was called Bertha Robinson while she was there.

Three happy years went by as she lived and studied in the school, while Mrs. Johnson worked to earn the cost of the schooling. Then one of the schoolboys was to be sent out as a preacher, and he wanted to marry Sona so that he could have a trained helper. It was the kind of work that she wanted to do, and she was glad to go. Perhaps if things had all gone happily in her new life you might never have heard her story; but after a time death came to her husband, and on the following day her baby died. Thus Sona was left all alone, but with a great desire in her heart to use her life in saving the lives of others.

Soon she entered a mission hospital to train for a nurse, doing such faithful work that she made many new friends, one of whom raised the money with which to send her to America for further and better training in a hospital. As she prepared for the long trip she often dreamed of the time when, perhaps, she might have money enough to go and find her good friend who had sent her to school. Sona felt that she must surely see her face while she was in America and tell her how grateful she felt.

It had been decided that she should train in the Deaconess

Hospital in Boston, and so she came, eager to learn all that might be of use in her own country, happy to see the new land, thankful to God that another great opportunity had come into her life. Her days were full of work, but also full of happy experiences.

One day a man called and asked to see the Indian nurse. When she entered the waiting room he said, "You bear my name, for you were named for me. I am Mr. Robinson, the pastor of your friend, Mrs. Johnson. I have come to see if you cannot come home with me to spend the week-end with Mrs. Johnson, who awaits you there."

The eyes of the Indian girl glistened as she took his hand, for this was to be another great experience of her life. So she spent the following days in the home of her two friends, so happy to learn to know her adopted mother.

Four years later she was graduated from the hospital, coming back to America to take special studies later, through the interest of friends who had found out how beautiful she was in her life and service.

To-day Sona Mona Singh is at the head of one of our oldest mission hospitals in India, admired and respected by all, still telling those who come to know her how God opened doors for her life and sent her wonderful friends, the first and best of whom was Mrs. Johnson, who earned the needed twenty-five dollars each year doing washings for her friends.

THE LUCKY GIRL

WHILE the high-school teacher was out of the room several marks were changed on a chart which hung on the wall. Only three students were responsible, but many

saw them do it. Yet all was still when the teacher came back into the room and seated herself at her desk.

"Ought I to tell her when I am cleaning the desk tonight?" said Grace Kane to herself. "Those boys ought not to be able to get good marks in that way, and it cheats everyone when they get higher marks than the rest for poorer work. I suppose I ought to tell. Maybe I am a coward, but I am afraid to do it."

That very afternoon when the teacher glanced up at the chart for verification of a figure which she was putting in a book, she saw, as the sun rested on the cardboard, that there were signs of eraser marks. Waiting until the class had left the room, she carefully examined the sheet and wrote the names of the boys whose marks were changed. They had tried in various ways to pass their subject easily; now they would fail because of their deceit. But the teacher felt that everyone who had seen them do it had been a party to the deceit, so the following day she suddenly asked all who had seen a mark changed on the chart to rise. On many faces there was dismay, but only one person in the room rose—Grace Kane.

"Who changed the marks?" asked the teacher.

"I am sorry that I cannot tell you that," said Grace, as she heard hisses and unkind remarks coming in her direction from all sides of her. "I saw them changed, and I will not lie and say I did not. I should have told you as Mother told me to do. I know I deserve punishment."

Then the teacher determined to teach the whole class a lesson, so she said, "I am sorry, Grace, to punish you for the rest, but someone always pays for wrongdoing. I know what the original marks were on that chart. I shall change these to what they were, and take from yours the sum of all that was subtracted. It is as bad to shield a sneak thief as it is to steal."

A murmur ran through the room. Grace Kane was trying hard to make a scholarship so that she could go to college the next year. Her mother was poor, and Grace helped to earn money out of school. Her high marks were always fair. The students looked with pity at her, but the three who had cheated were popular boys and everyone felt that they must be protected, so no one else rose. Grace sat down with a very red face, but with shoulders held high, and head erect. Occasionally a tear would drop on her paper as the afternoon wore away, but few saw them.

A week passed by, and the teacher watched and waited. Girls who had paid no attention to Grace were seen to speak to her in the hall; she saw a boy give her tickets for the ball game; but still no one came to take the lowered marks. The teacher was disappointed, for she felt that the students had been cowards.

Two weeks after the marks had been changed Grace came to the teacher with a letter from the father of one of the boys who had done the cheating, and this is what it said:

"Martin was to have gone to Washington with his mother and myself for the vacation, but he has been taken ill at the last moment. This morning, when I was talking of returning his ticket, he called me to his bedside, told me the story of the altered marks, and then asked me, as a favour to him, to write and invite you to accompany us to Washington for the week with all expenses paid. His mother and I realize that you have suffered shame and changed marks for our thoughtless boy, and we are happy in this way to show our appreciation of your courage, and also of your fine record. If you will show this to Miss H—— I am sure that she will change his marks to lower ones, and right your record. Martin feels that he was a great coward, and he is sorry."

After a time the whole matter was righted, and to this day Grace Kane feels that it was a fortunate day when she bore the punishment for the class, for it was the beginning of a much happier life for her in the high school. She had proved that she had what the others wished they had—the courage to stand for the right.

LIU KWANG CHAO

"WHY do you run so fast," called a little Chinese boy to his companions. "Tell me what you see."

"We see a foreign devil. Come while we go nearer and see what he is like," saying which, they took the hand of the half-blind boy and ran down the street.

Not far away the missionary had stopped near a corner and was telling a story from the life of Christ, and the boys crowded about him, interested in the story and also in the mannerisms of the man. When he had finished he began to talk to the boys and then noticed Liu Kwang Chao, the boy who was gradually losing his sight.

After talking with him for a few minutes, the boy said impulsively, "Will you not come home with me and stay to eat? It will soon be dark, and I should like to have you come."

The missionary had intended to travel farther, but he gladly went with the boy, hoping that somehow he might find a way to help him. But when Chao burst into the house to tell the home folks that he had brought a foreign devil home with him, they were not so cordial. Soon the missionary was telling them of his school in a neighbouring city and invited Chao to come and live there. Then the father

was angry and commanded him to say no more to the boy.

"Perhaps you wouldn't like Chao to study in our school," said the stranger, "but I am certain you do not want him to be blind. I will take him to our hospital, and I am sure we can take away the disease which is blinding his eyes. In a few weeks you may come to see for yourself just how he is getting along. I will make him my guest while we try to help his eyes, and then you can decide about letting him go to our school."

With a bound the boy was at his father's side, begging to be allowed to go, but the father did not answer. He loved this boy dearly, but he was afraid of the foreign man.

Finally he said to the boy, "Chao, you may go and have them try to help your eyes, but I shall not say that you can go to the school."

The following day the two started for the hospital, and then the doctor did everything he knew to heal the sore eyes so that they might be well when the father came to see the boy, for he wanted the boy to have the privilege of going to school.

One afternoon, several weeks later, the father came, and the boy, running happily to him, bade him look into his bright, strong eyes. Such a change had come into them, and such a happy boy his son had become!

"The Christians' God has cleaned them," he said. "We must thank Him."

For a day or two the father and son wandered about the hospital and sat in the school, seeing and listening. Then the father said to Chao, "I think you may stay and go to school, for no harm could come to you from living and learning from these good people."

So Liu Kwang Chao became first a student; then a Christian; then a teacher; and then a preacher, because of his father's decision. He became one of the finest evangelists

in China, and his influence has been felt for many, many miles around the city of An Kiu, where he established his splendid school.

THOSE FOREIGN STUDENTS

ALL through the conference on International Relations Jane and Mark had been most interested. They had been thrilled by the man from Japan, by Charlotte Hawkins Brown as she told of the possibilities of the Negroes, and by John R. Mott as he urged them to be leaders in the work for a better day in the colleges. They had served on committees to draw up resolutions, and they had been most enthusiastic in applauding the last resolution that all go back to their colleges and universities and begin to create friendly relations between all creeds, races, and leaders of thought.

As they rode back on the train Mark was full of plans for his work. He would invite one of the foreign students to spend a week-end at his lovely home; he would share his ticket for the next symphony concert with the boy in his dormitory who played so constantly, and so poorly, on an instrument that he had brought from Bulgaria; he would help the Mexican boy to master his math before the next examinations. Jane, however, was not so enthusiastic, for she had no home in which to entertain; no symphony ticket to share; and little time, except what was needed for her lessons, after her hours of extra work were over. She must earn if she would stay in college, so how could she spend time in cultivating the foreign students?

"One of the men said that they had much to give," she said to Mark, "but it seems to me that they just want to take what we offer and then wait for more. I have never

seen any talent among those in our dormitory. I will do something, but I don't know when or what."

A few mornings after her return a friend came in from the country and brought Jane a large bunch of garden flowers. There were so many that she had no vases large enough to hold them. Suddenly a bright thought came to her.

"I will divide them with the foreign students," she said. "It will give me something to talk about if I tell them what they are and how they grow. Here is the list that the Dean gave me of such students in these two houses, so I will go as far as the flowers will let me."

"Oh! Oh!" said the girl from Syria as she looked at the flowers. "Those look like the lilies of the field as they grow about the Sea of Galilee. Have you ever seen them there? No—then come in and let me show you some that I pressed when I went there last summer," and she drew the American girl into her room, made attractive with many things which she had brought from her home. A whole hour later Jane was starting to make her second call. In her hand was a beautiful lace collar which the Syrian girl had said was easy to make, and the foreign girl had promised to teach a class of the college girls just how to knit it; in an envelope were some of the pressed flowers with which to illustrate a paper which she was writing; in her memory were stored many interesting facts and pictures which she could use in her class at the church school.

The girl from Africa was out of her room, so Jane left some of the flowers on the table with a note, and then climbed the stairs to a little room where two Chinese girls were living. Jane had seen them often and thought them very stupid and unattractive. After giving them the flowers, she inquired where they lived in China and they answered, "In beautiful Shansi."

"The aunt whom I love best has been in Shansi for several years," said Jane. "Her name is Annie Shepherd, and some day I hope to go there to visit her."

"Annie Shepherd! Our Annie Shepherd?" cried both of the girls at once. "She made it possible for us to come to America to study, and she has been a real mother to us since our mother died," said the older girl. "And you are her niece! How strange that we should not have found you before! We must write her this very night. We shall love you because we love her," said the girls. Then they told her of the missionary's life and work; of her loyalty and devotion; of the honour in which she was held.

"I have sent you presents and often wished that I could see you, for she has written so much of you," said Jane. "Perhaps she called me Molly. That is her pet name for me."

"And we have sent you things that she thought would interest you, and have wished that we might see you, too," said the younger girl. "She has told us so much of her Molly." Hearing the dinner bell, the new friends went down together, all much thrilled with their new-found relationship.

The next morning Jane was sick in bed with a sore throat which quickly developed into tonsillitis. So the nurse was in her room getting ready to take her to the infirmary when there was a knock at the door. A colored girl entered just in time to hear Jane say, "But, Miss Murray, I just have to be able to go to church on Sunday. I have promised to sing a solo at the peace rally, and if I fail them at this late day I shall probably lose the place that I want next year. I have to go."

"And you can't," said the nurse, motioning the coloured girl to enter.

"I came to thank you for the lovely flowers," she said, "and I am so sorry to find you sick. In our country we have beautiful flowers, and many of them, so I have missed them here. These are the very first that I have had for my own. Could I help you in your work for Sunday? I have sung the solo parts in our mission church for several years. If it is a peace meeting I might sing, 'I Ain't Going to Study War No Mo'.' "

"Our people love that song, and I am sure they would like to have you there. I will have the nurse call them up and tell me what to do. Thank you for being so kind as to offer," said Jane.

"Let me know if I can help. I like to serve, especially with my voice," the foreign girl said as she waved good-bye to the sick girl.

So the girl from Africa went to the big church on the Avenue and won them all with her beautiful singing of her native songs, while the girl who thought that foreign students had nothing to give was lying in her bed in the hospital.

"I have changed my mind," said Jane to Mark when she saw him again. "Those foreign students have much to give and are eager to help, but I have been too stupid to find it out. I cast a little bread on the water one afternoon and it has already come back to me a hundredfold."

TO WHOM WOULD YOU PRAY?

ARTHUR belonged to a large class of boys in the Presbyterian church. They were a fine group of friends, studying together, working together for the church, and having many good times together during the week. Most

of the boys were members of the church, but Arthur always said that he did not care to join with the rest. It was a puzzle to his teacher, for he was one of the most loyal, earnest workers among the boys. After a time she stopped asking him to join, simply saying that she would be happy to have him tell her when he was ready.

Could she have gone home with him any Sunday, she would have found the reason, for he had an uncle who made fun of everything religious. Arthur liked to tell his mother of the lesson of the day, but for everything he had been taught, the uncle had an opposing view, especially if prayer or church membership were mentioned. So the boy, who loved the uncle, could never be sure just what he did believe. He wanted to be Christian, but surely his uncle couldn't be all wrong.

One Sunday the fire bells were ringing as he came out of church school, so he ran with the crowd. A large apartment house near by was burning, and the engines were hurrying to get in place. Flames were bursting out of the windows, and no one was allowed to enter the building. Suddenly a woman's face appeared at an upper window. In her arms was a tiny baby. A cry went up from the crowd, and the firemen ran for the net. Then the woman climbed to the sill, though the firemen called for her to stay where she was. With marvellous courage she crawled across a ledge just below the window, stepped over the space between that and a lower roof, and then stood there quietly and waited, with the flames all about her, while the ladders went up which were to rescue her.

When she came down Arthur stood very near to her, and he heard one of the neighbours say to her, "How could you ever do it? I should have thought you would have been afraid of falling from the window ledge."

"I was afraid," she answered, "until I prayed. Then I trusted God and did my best. What else could I do? Who else was there to help?"

Arthur stood watching her as she was taken down the street. "I *was* afraid until I prayed. Then I trusted God and did my best," he repeated to himself. "Hm! I wonder what Uncle will have to say to that. How about God then? I'm sure I couldn't have climbed out of that window with a baby."

That night when the uncle came home the boy began to tell him of the fire and the rescues, but he did not tell him what he had heard.

"Uncle," he said finally, "suppose you were trapped on a roof like that. Would you try to jump?"

"I don't think so," answered the uncle.

"But suppose there were no other way. Then what would you do?" persisted the boy.

"I suppose," said the uncle, "I would do just what the papers said to-night that a woman did. I suppose I would pray first."

"And to whom would you pray?" asked the boy. "I thought you didn't believe in God or prayer. If there is no God before a fire, surely there is none when there is a fire."

The uncle tried to laugh at the boy and evade an answer, but the boy had seen how shallow his uncle's belief had been. The following Sunday when he came into class he said to the teacher, "I shall be ready for the next communion. I would much rather have the faith of the woman on the roof than the faith of my uncle. Some day I may find that I have good cause to be afraid. Then I, too, want to be able to say, 'I prayed to God and then did my best, and so I lost my fear.' "

WHAT THEY WANTED TO SEE

TEN children in one ward with bandages over their eyes; ten children all being cared for by one great surgeon who was visiting in America; ten boys and girls who had never seen, but who hoped to see when the bandages were taken off.

"For every operation that I do for pay, I will do three for nothing," he had said to the head of the hospital. "I have no need of money, and so we will let the fees of the rich pay for the care of the poor. Gather the little ones from the poorest sections and let me begin at once. To work with God in giving sight gives me the greatest thrills of my life." And so the operations had been performed, and the nurses were eagerly waiting to see the results.

One day when the doctor was visiting the ward the children were talking about what they wanted to see, so the great doctor listened.

"I want to see my little dog," said one boy. "I wish I could have him here on my bed. You'd all like him."

"I want to see a mountain," said another boy. "Daddy took me a little way up one, and it was a lot of fun. Must be awful big."

"I want to see a church," said Mary. "That is where I have the nicest times of all the week. That is where my teacher comes."

"And what do you want to see, Alice!" asked the doctor.

"I'm afraid to wish 'cause I want something so much," said the crippled blind child. "Doctor, please don't laugh, but I want to see Mother's smile. I can feel her face, and I know she smiles—and I want to see it."

The great doctor's eyes were full of tears as the child made her wish. What would he not give to make her wish come true! Suppose she could not see at all when the bandage came off! There was more chance that she could not see than that she could.

Two weeks later, coming back from a trip out of town, he went into the ward and talked with the nurse about the children.

"John can see quite distinctly," said the nurse.

"And Alice?" said the doctor. "Oh, tell me that she can see."

"Just a little," said the nurse. "Perhaps she has gained a bit since the first day. She has been waiting to tell you something. See, she is watching for you now."

With a beautiful smile on his kind face, the noted man went to the bed and bent over the child. "What is it, dear?" he said.

She drew him down close to her and then whispered, "When I opened my eyes, Mother was right there, and, doctor, I could see her smile—not very plain but I could see it—and, doctor, it was like the sunshine that comes into my window. I am so glad that I can see."

WHEN MOTHER HELPED

IT WAS only three o'clock in the morning, yet Mrs. Cooper stood at the window of her home in a small town in Minnesota listening for the whistle of an incoming train. When she heard it, she quietly pushed the window wide open and looked up and down the road. Not a sound was to be heard except from the sleepers in the house. When she was sure that all was right she stepped aside from the

window, and a slim, determined-looking boy climbed out into the night, only pausing long enough on the sill to put his arm about his mother and whisper a fond good-bye and a thank you.

"Good-bye, Son," whispered the mother with a catch in her voice. "Will you remember your promise?"

"I shan't forget what I have said I would do," he answered, and picking up his cheap suitcase, he started quietly for the depot, which was not far away. Silently the mother stood there alone until she heard the train pull out of the station, and then she turned back to bed. She had chosen to do a very hard thing. She had helped her eighteen-year-old boy to run away from home in order that he might learn to be an engineer and build bridges.

Hugh Cooper had always liked to play in the water and already had constructed one good-sized bridge. When his father was determined that he should enter his business and become a millwright, the boy had objected. He had followed the advice of his mother and waited at home until he had earned his high-school diploma. Then, feeling that the boy would be much happier and much more successful if he could do that which he longed to do, his mother had helped him to go and make his own way.

At first the way was very hard, for he could find little work. He helped in a stable for a while and then became a piano salesman on the road. At night he pored over books about bridges, feeling sure that his chance would surely come. And his mother in that little Minnesota home wrote him often and trusted him, for she knew that he was keeping the promise that he had made.

At last he was given a chance to work on a big railroad bridge, and then he began to show his worth. Where others had to ask questions, he knew what to do. He talked little, but worked efficiently. Whatever he undertook, he studied,

and so his rise was steady. One after another big jobs were given him to do. To-day he is one of the great American specialists in water-power projects. It was he who built the famous Horseshoe Rapids plant at Niagara, the great cofferdam at Keokuk, and the Wilson Dam at Muscle Shoals. The little boy from Minnesota who was punished so many times for playing in the water was then just getting ready for his splendid life work.

Every weekday he is talking with great men and planning great enterprises, but on Sunday he is always to be found in some church, thinking of the biggest enterprise in the world—that of making the world a safe place for little children. And why is he always there? He has a very good reason.

"I promised Mother that night when I left home that I would go to church every Sunday," said Hugh Cooper to a friend one day. "And I have kept my word, even when it has meant a long trip to get to the church, or listening to a service that I did not understand. Mother kept her word and let me go. I have kept mine to her."

WHY?

DURING one of the Austrian wars a troop of men were ordered to go out and forage for some grain. It was a part of the country where there were few fields and many forests, so the captain hardly knew which way to go. Finally, seeing a tiny cottage ahead of him, he sent one of his men to ask where they could find a good field.

A moment later a very old man with snow-white hair came out to the road.

"We have to do some foraging," said the captain. "Will you tell us where to go?"

"I will show you where to go if you will follow me," he said. "You might get the wrong field if I told you the way," and he led the men to the west. After walking for fully fifteen minutes they came to a field where barley was growing.

"You surely knew where to come," said the captain. "This is just what we wanted."

"But this is not where you are to stop," said the old man. "There is another field a little distance ahead where you can probably get more grain."

In silence he walked on until they came to another field. The troops dismounted, cut the grain, bound it into bundles, and then placed it upon their mounts.

"Why did you bring us here?" said the captain. "The first field was much better than this, even though this is a larger one. We could have saved time if you had let us stop at the first."

"That may be," said the old man, "but that was not my field. I live alone and am old. The man who owns that field is young and has many children. Why should I tell you to cut his field when I had one myself?"

HOW JIMMIE KEPT HIS PROMISE

"SAY, Jimmie," called the lamplighter, "are you going down by the river on your way home? Mother is sick to-day, and I want to hurry home. If you will light those two lamps there it will save me a whole half hour. I have to take the pole with me, but those standards are low, and you can easily climb them. Here are some matches."

"I'll be glad to help you, George," answered Jimmie. "I haven't ever tried to climb one of those poles, but I guess I can do it all right. I may be a little late, for I want to sell all of my papers to-day. Need some new shoes before Sunday. You can count on me, though. I will light them when I get there," he said, putting the matches into his pocket.

It was one of those winter nights when the snow seemed to blow in all directions. The wind was very strong, and it was bitter cold. Jimmie drew his coat collar as high as he could and shivered as he started on again. Papers hadn't gone very well, for people were all in a hurry to get into their warm homes.

"Paper, sir," he called, as he saw a car stop. "Great news to-night. Thanks. Good-night." And he ran hither and thither after the passers-by. It was nearly an hour later, however, before he turned his steps toward home and remembered that he had to go far out of his way to light the lamps.

The pole looked easy to climb, so Jimmie put down his packages and started up; but as fast as he climbed up, he came down, for it was covered with sleet. At last, after a desperate effort, he reached the top and lighted a match. Immediately, the wind blew it out, so he lighted another, and it also flickered and went out.

"My," said the boy, "I haven't many matches. This will never do. Guess I will have to take off my hat to shield the match. Ugh! My hands are cold hanging onto this pole." He raised his hand to take his cap from his head and then found himself rapidly slipping down the pole.

Again and again he tried. If he got to the top, he could not light the lamp. At last he was so stiff and cold that he could climb no longer, so he just sat down on a doorstep and had a good cry. It was late, and his mother would be worried. He had things for supper, and none of the rest

could eat until he got there. Yet he couldn't break his word. He had told George that he could count on him to see that the lights were lighted. This was a bad street, and in the dark someone might be hurt or lost; they might even fall into the river. He just must light the lamps—but how?

Suddenly he straightened up and started to run back up the street. "I'm sure he would," he said to himself, " 'cause I have helped him several times when there was an accident." Going into a store, he used one of his precious nickels to call the police station.

"Say, Chief," he said, when someone answered his call, "this is Jimmie Flynn. I am in a peck of trouble. George has a sick mother, and I promised to light the two lamps on River Street on my way home. Well, I have been up that pole a lot of times, but I just can't light the lamp because the wind blows the match out. Can you help me light it? It ought not to be dark there, you know."

"Sure, I can," answered the chief. "You run right along home to your supper, and we will have them lighted in a hurry. Thanks, Jimmie. It was like you to find a way."

"Well," said the boy, "I want to keep my word, you know. That is what I want folks to do with me. And I know you will. Thanks, Chief."

Then Jimmie went home with a light heart, even though he was cold, tired, and hungry. He had kept his word, and that was much more important.

HIS HARDEST FIGHT

THE plague! Those were the words that were on every tongue in the city of Mukden, China, on that terrible day in 1911 when word came that no trains from the north

were to be allowed across the border, and that a train was to be sent back to Mukden that night which had on it five hundred men and women, all of whom had been exposed to the disease by the two who were dead on the train.

The plague! To get it meant death; to attend to those who already had it meant almost certain death. Five hundred men and women were on the train. Who would dare to examine them, so that those who were well could be free to go to their homes, while those who were ill could be segregated?

"Someone must volunteer," said one of the officials. "I would ask no one to run such an awful risk of life."

In the group of men who were discussing what was to be done stood Arthur Frame Jackson, a young missionary doctor of twenty-six, who had been in China but two months. He was strong and eager to do the heroic thing. Back in his school and college days he had been much of an athlete, and he loved a hard fight. As he listened to the men he thrilled to the thought of the wonderful Christian service it would be. "Who is my neighbour?" said he. "Anyone who hath need." Here was a mammoth need.

Suddenly he stepped out of the group and said, "Men, I will meet the train and attend to the examinations."

"But there is danger that you will lose your life," said one of the men.

"I know, but I am not afraid. I will be ready when the train comes in."

Hurriedly, a shelter was erected to keep out some of the bitter cold, and medicines were placed at his disposal at the station. He sat in the little room near by until the train came in, and then, with a determined face, he went out to order the doors of the train opened so as to let one person at a time come to him. His face was covered with a mask,

and he had plenty of disinfectant, but as he bent above the sick ones, or helped to carry them to the hospital, he knew his danger.

All day and all night he worked; then another day, and still another. He was checking the disease, but he had little help, and the responsibility for the care of the city near by was tremendous.

At the end of the seventh day his friends were insistent that he should rest, but he reminded them that they were only safe as he watched the camp, and he worked on. Nearly a hundred had died in the hospital, but many had been able to go to their homes in safety.

On the morning of the tenth day he could not rise, and soon he realized that he had caught the plague and that he, too, must die. When the word came to the doctors that he was ill, they fought hard for his life, aided in every way by the government, but it was of no use. In two short days they were mourning for the young doctor who had been such a hero.

Dead in three months! Had he thrown his life away? Had it paid to go as a missionary doctor? Could he not have done better work at home? For answer we have the words of the viceroy who came with many of the high officials to attend his funeral:

"O Dr. Jackson, in life you were brave; now you are an exalted spirit. Noble spirit, who sacrificed your life for us, help us still, and look down in kindness upon us all. With the heart of the Saviour who gave his life to deliver the world, you gave your life to help our country in its need."

Arthur Frame Jackson had carried the message into that heathen land in three months in a more effective way than he might have been able to do it in thirty years, had he not

given his life for the Chinese. He that loseth his life for the sake of Christ shall find it.

FOLLOWING HIS FATHER

"WHY wouldn't it be a good idea for me to follow in Father's footsteps?" said young General Armstrong to himself, as he looked across the waters of the Gulf of Mexico toward the west. "Father gave his life away off there in Hawaii for the brown people, teaching them to study and to work with their hands. He was happy in his work. We have four millions of newly freed slaves in the United States, and who is going to teach them and help them to be free? Well, I am."

For years he had been trying to decide what to do for his life work. He could do almost anything well, so it was hard to choose what he wanted to do. For two or more years he had been leading the coloured troops in the Civil War, and now that work was over, what better could he do than to help the black people whom he loved and who needed friends so badly?

But where could he serve? What would the government do for them? There were few schools, and they were poorly equipped for work. He wanted a big task, for he was an energetic man. Finally he went to the government and asked for something to do.

"You want a big task? Yes, we have it. Down at Hampton we are in great need of help. There are nine thousand slaves there, and some one must manage them. Go to Hampton and see what you can do."

To Hampton he went and organized the work. The black people loved him and were glad to coöperate. Soon it was

decided that an industrial school should be opened there, and the government asked him to be principal of the school.

"I must think back to Father's school, for it was such a big success," he said. "I worked hard in that school, and I ought to know how to plan another. This is my father's work, and I am following in his footsteps."

So he opened there the great school which has been such a godsend to the coloured race. To it he gave his life. To it he left his great motto, which he called the corner stone of Hampton—"Do the best that you can for the world. What you do, do well."

And that was the motto that he had learned in his father's school in Hawaii.

AN INDIAN MOTHER'S GIFT

THERE were crowds of people in the streets of Sholapur, India, on that Sunday in December, but not many of them had turned into the little Christian church. Some were Buddhists; some were Mohammedans; some were people who had long since forgotten to worship God on Sunday, even though they had been brought up in Christian homes.

Inside the church the native preacher was ready to lead the service. Before him sat a few native men and women and some little children, their brown bodies wiggling and twisting from the weariness of sitting still; and there were two young missionaries, recently come from America, who were listening to the pastor speaking in Marathi, all the time wishing that they knew what he was saying to them.

Suddenly a poorly dressed woman rose and slowly made her way to the pulpit. Over her head was a dark, unattrac-

tive sari. In her hand she carried something carefully wrapped in a piece of newspaper. She spoke in a low tone to the pastor but he did not stop in his reading, so she laid the package on the desk and sat down again. Watching her chance to speak to him, she rose again and tried to tell him about the package, for she was anxious that he should understand what she wanted to do with it. Then she again took her seat.

When the last hymn had been sung, the preacher took the package in his hand and motioned to the children to come to the front of the church. When all were ready, he opened the package and poured something white into their hands. Smiles covered the faces of the children when they saw what he had given to them, and soon all were leaving the church, eating the substance with great pleasure.

"What can it be? Why did she place it on the desk? We must know more about it," said the missionaries to each other as they made their way to the native preacher.

"You want to know more about Hurranabei's gift," he said with a smile. "This woman has a little son who has been very sick—so sick that all thought that he could not possibly live. The Christian doctors at the hospital have worked very hard to save him. Here in the church we have all prayed for the boy, and God has answered our prayers. The boy is well again and so Hurranabei wants to show that she is grateful. She is very poor, but she has brought an offering of sugar, and she has asked that it might be given to the children who were here in the church to-day."

"See," he said, touching a little of the sugar that had been left in the newspaper, "this is not the coarse sugar that she uses at home; it is not even the finer sugar that the missionaries use; this is very fine, like powder, for she has pounded it long and carefully so that it may be a fit offering for her

God whom she loves. God has saved her little son. She has pleased the children, and she has said 'Thank you' to God. Hurranabei is grateful."

AN APOSTLE TO THE INDIANS

"I CARED not where, or how, I lived, or what hardships I went through, so that I could gain souls for Jesus Christ."

These words are taken from the journal of David Brainerd, the apostle to the Indians in the middle of the Eighteenth Century. They give just a glimpse of the great loyalty and courage which he showed in those early days of our church history.

David Brainerd was a man of prayer. As he pushed his way through the forests of western Massachusetts and through the wilderness of New Jersey, he was pleading, "O Lord, use me. Use me to teach the Indians the love of Jesus." Sleeping on the bare ground, in corn cribs, or on planks covered with a little grass or straw, with only the barest necessities for food, his sole desire was to push on and on in the work for the Indians.

Once when he had made a very long, hard journey, just after he had had a severe illness, he found himself nearing a village. Feeling very tired and ill, he pitched his tent and stopped to rest and pray for strength. For a long time he was on his knees talking with God and asking for wisdom in his work in the new village. Then he went on his way, feeling sure that he was about to meet a friendly tribe. Suddenly he saw the Indians coming to meet him, led by their chief. They seemed friendly and offered him something to eat. They gave him a seat in their midst and seemed

glad to do him honour. Brainerd was very much surprised and pleased, so he stayed to work for them and, at last, formed a little church among them.

Many months later he found out why they had been so kind to him. On the morning of his arrival they had seen him coming through the woods and had sent some men out to lie in wait and kill him. They had watched him put up his tent; later, when all was still, they had crept up to look in and see if he were asleep so that they could get rid of him and go back to their homes. But what they saw was to them a most amazing thing. Brainerd was on his knees praying; his kind face seemed glowing with light. He had looked tired when they had watched him work about the tent. Now his face seemed rested and happy. Near his feet a little poisonous snake, much feared by the Indians, was coiled.

"Ah!" said the Indians to each other, "the snake will save us the trouble of killing this man who would harm us."

They watched the snake move its little red tongue back and forth as it glided close to the feet of the praying man. It lifted its head and looked at Brainerd. Then it turned about and ran out under the flap of the tent toward the crouching Indians.

The men rose quickly to avoid the snake, and then they went back to the wigwams and told their story. "The Great Spirit cares for him," they said to the chief.

"We will not kill him," answered the chief. "We will listen to him. He does not come to harm us."

So they listened to his words, watched the life that he lived among them, and many of the tribe became Christians.

"To believe, to suffer, and to love"—this was the creed of the man whose life is still, after all these years, a challenge to those who would love and serve God. David Brainerd was a man of prayer and good works.

WHEN TROUBLE CAME

"SURE I am going to graduate with my class," said the injured boy when he found that he had many months to stay in bed because of a bad fall from his radio mast. "The teachers and fellows will help me."

Lester Picker had always been interested in radio, making his own first little set all by himself, and then trying to improve it. He had great dreams of what he was going to do when he was through the high school and could devote all his time to it. But the fall, when he was sixteen and still a junior in high school, had left him with a broken back, and paralyzed from his hips down. Most boys would have given up in despair, but Lester was not of that type. He was determined to succeed, so he sent for his favourite teacher and found that she was very willing to send his lessons to him, and also to come occasionally and hear him recite them. Faithfully he studied the lessons for ten months in the hospital, and then later in his little room at home where he lay all day long on his new air bed, finding that he could easily keep up with his class in most subjects.

Of course he had plenty of time, so he began improving his radio until he was sending and receiving messages from away across the ocean, even to four thousand miles away, and was making friends with operators all over the country. Sailor operators came to know his voice, tried to tell him interesting things, and often sent him letters and cards from the ports where they touched. Finally he had a splendid equipment and a mast that was ninety feet high. He was known as one of the best amateur operators on the Pacific Coast.

As graduation day drew near Lester very much wanted

to have a part in it, and gradually a plan came to his mind. If he could not go, he could still give his speech by radio. The school authorities helped him, and the boys did the extra work of fitting up the receiver. That night when the friends came for the exercises Lester's chair was there on the platform, and near it was a loud speaker. They heard the music and the preliminaries and then, loud and clear, from the stage came Lester's voice, talking to his classmates and then to the friends. How happy he sounded and how thrilled they all were! When he had finished he said, "Good-night. This is station 6ZH." After the exercises they took his diploma to him, so then he was a graduate, just as he had determined to be.

Lester was then seventeen and was eager to find some way by which he could be useful like his friends. He was sending and receiving many messages every day but this wasn't enough, so he offered his services to the radio men. Soon he was appointed as a relay operator, taking any amateur message and relaying it on his better equipment to distant points, or rerouting messages so as to get them out. Later he was asked to be "Radio Traffic Cop," to keep amateurs from interfering in regular broadcasting times. This was fun, and yet it saved a lot of trouble.

Lester has to stay in one room still, but he is making friends all over the world; he is getting a broad education, for few boys have so good a chance to get in touch with big, live, interesting things. He has time to think of what he learns, and thus make it all his own. He is cheerful and energetic, always ready to do a good turn. He is learning rapidly, is having lots of fun, and is making some money, all because he was determined not to let misfortune down him, or take away his chance for a useful, happy life.

If you should chance to get him on your radio some day

—Lester Picker of San Ysidro, California—be sure that you are talking with a genuine hero.

HOW TILAK FOUND GOD

HIS mother was a very devoted idol worshipper, so the boy had been taught that his health, his happiness, and his success in life depended upon the idol's favour. One day, when his mother was too ill to be out of her bed, the boy was given some food which he was to take and set before the idols. Now the boy was hungry, so he began to nibble at the food in his hand until not even one little piece was left.

"I wonder what the gods will do to me for eating this food," he thought. "I will try and see."

So he offered the empty plate and said the prayers, just as though all the food were there. Of course nothing happened to him, so he lost faith in the idols. Perhaps if his mother had lived she could have helped him regain it, but after she had gone he ran away from his home, determined to get an education and, some day, to serve and help his country.

Now in India there are great masses of people who are known as "Untouchables" because they are of the lowest caste and are not considered fit to be noticed. They do the most menial work; they cannot enter the temples; they cannot draw water at the village well; their shadow must never even fall on a high-caste man, and their lot is most miserable. As the boy, whose name was Narayan Tilak, studied in the schools, he became more and more interested in helping these outcaste people.

"They are worse than slaves," he said. "My country can

never be really great until she is fair to her people. These are my countrymen, and I must find a way to help. I must put some beauty into their lives if I can."

One day he happened to ride on the same train as a missionary, and they began to talk together. Tilak, as he is known to-day, told him how he had lost faith in the idols and how he had been trying everywhere to find a God that would satisfy him.

"Do you know my God?" asked the missionary.

"Why should I know your God when he is only for the uneducated and for the outcastes of India?" asked Tilak. "I am of good family, and I have education."

"But your way of life is like that which my God requires," said the missionary. "Read this book and see if it is not so."

Tilak took the book, which was a small New Testament, and began to read. "Truly this is a wonderful book," he said to himself after he had read it for a time. "It is so simple that a child can understand, yet its teachings are as high as those of the masters. I think I have found the leader whom India must follow if it is to be a great country. I, too, must follow this great teacher, Christ."

The days that followed were full of sorrow and persecution, for when he finally told his fellow citizens that he had become a Christian his wife left him, his work was taken away, and his friends scorned him as one who had lost his caste. But he kept his courage and his belief and, after many months, was able to win his wife to the Christian faith also, and to establish a Christian home.

Mr. Tilak was an author, a poet, and a singer, so he went about singing to the people. He translated the Bible and the hymns of the Church into the Marathi language, so that his people might use them. He wrote new hymns to fit the na-

tive music. He taught the new missionaries who came to the field, all the time trying to get his country to deal fairly with the outcastes, and to lift the ideals of the people. So for twenty-five years he worked and sang and lived the religion which he found in that little Testament which the missionary gave him.

Mr. Tilak, known as the Christian singer of India, died in India in 1919, an honoured citizen and one of the great patriots of the land.

FRANCES WILLARD'S CHOICE

BY WORKING hard and sacrificing much, she had secured an education, had proved that she could be a success as a teacher, and had been elected the very first woman president of a college. Ahead of her on her path through life one word seemed sure to be found—"Success."

In her city a small group of women were talking about a new cause which was just gaining in strength in that year, 1874, and this young college president, Frances Willard, was much interested in what they were saying: "We can rid the world of the saloon and make life safer for the children and happier for the homes of America." What a foolish dream that seemed in that year to most people! Finally, believing that her life work should be this new cause, she resigned from the college and threw herself, body and mind and heart, into the work.

But those who were working for the abolition of the saloon had little money, and soon Frances Willard was wondering where to get enough money to support her

aged mother; she was walking miles and miles to get to her appointments because she could not afford to ride.

One day there came to her desk two letters. One offered her the presidency of a school for the training of teachers with a good salary. The other offered her the presidency of the Chicago Woman's Christian Temperance Union, which at that time was a leader in the new cause for which Miss Willard was fighting. To take the one meant comparative ease and plenty of money to use in her home; to take the other meant hardship and ridicule. If she chose the former she could stay in the school most of the time and train girls for a larger life, a thing which she loved to do. If she went to Chicago she must travel all about the country under hard conditions giving addresses; she must raise money, write articles and books, and live most of the time away from home. She knew only too well what hardships would come if she went to Chicago.

And which did she do? Go to Washington and look about you in the Capitol. There you will see many, many statues of America's noted men—men who have added to America's greatness. Suddenly you will see a strange sight—one statue of a woman, Frances Willard, one of the most noted women in the history of America—the woman who had a great hope for herself and one for her country: "I hope that I can make my life count in some little way in the uplift of the womanhood and the home life of America. I hope to make the men and women of America see that our country can never be great with such a curse as the drink habit stealing our boys and girls and sending them to lives of shame and crime."

She chose the narrow way, and it led her into a great and noble service for mankind. It brought to her the chance to achieve a noble character and an honoured name.

THE COST OF HIS GIFT

IF YOU had been born with a white father and a black mother; if your hair had been light, your eyes blue, and your skin white, would you have stayed in the South to be educated in the poor Negro schools, or would you have wanted to live in the North where you could easily have passed for a white man and so have had equal opportunities with the white men? In your playtime would you have been rebellious when you were forced to play with the black boys and girls? When it came time for you to think of having a home of your own, what would you have done then? Would you have been satisfied to choose a black mate, even though you had many relatives who were white?

These are some of the problems that James Dallas Burrus had to face nearly seventy years ago. He knew in his soul that some things were not fair, but he loved his mother; so he loved her race and tried to lift it. He went at first to the Southern elementary schools and then to Fisk University, that great college for coloured folks. There he met America, a girl with a black face but with a great dream for her life. She was at that time singing with the Fisk Jubilee Singers in their efforts to help the college. Soon James and America were planning for a home of their own.

He had a keen mind, and he had long ago determined that he would show those who felt that Negroes were stupid what he could do. After graduating from Fisk with the first A. B. degree ever given to a Negro by a liberal arts college in the South, he went to Dartmouth, where he was honoured for his loyalty and his good work. They gave to him the first Master's degree ever given by that college to a

Negro. How proud America was of her well-educated sweetheart!

"Come back to Fisk and inspire the boys who come to study," came the call after he had finished Dartmouth. At first he felt sure that teaching the boys was one of the best ways to use his life for his race, so he accepted the offer. But soon he began to feel that the race ought to show that they could make money, save money, and support their own institutions. He disliked their dependence on the white race.

"I will go into business and show what I can do," he said.

Immediately he began to watch for opportunities for business and then decided to buy a little drug store in one of the poorer sections of Nashville. If he could succeed there he could succeed anywhere.

Now America had been very proud of him when he was teaching at Fisk, but she did not want him to buy the store and settle down in that part of the city to live. She felt that with his fine education he was making a big mistake. Finally she told him that she could not marry him if he did as he planned to do. What could he do? He wanted a home and he loved America, yet he felt that he must do the very best possible thing for his mother's people. He thought it over very carefully, and then he told her that he must buy the store. So they parted, neither of them ever to marry anyone else.

Dr. Burrus, as he was called, lived very simply and much alone. He worked hard, saving what he could, and then investing his savings in real estate. Few people understood him, and many thought him peculiar. He was honest and kind, so he won the respect of the community in which he lived; but he won no applause or fame as he went along his lonely way.

Finally he was over eighty years old. He still loved Fisk

University and felt that she was doing a great work for the Negroes. One day he died very suddenly in a street car, and then his name began to be on many lips. He left a will which he had made about six months before he died; in the will he left all that he had to Fisk, with the request that they use the money in building on the campus a fine new home where the teachers could live and work. This was a building much needed by the college.

Now what do you think this white black man had left behind as a gift to Fisk? It was the largest gift ever made by a Negro for Negro education. He had left in all one hundred thousand dollars.

James Dallas Burrus could have had a real home instead of living alone all those years; he could have made a name for himself in the teaching world; he could have had happy companionship with friends who also had had an education; but he gave all that he had, or could have had, to show his faith in the possibilities of the Negro race. He had earned and saved and given a large sum of money, and Burrus Hall, at Fisk University, will long stand as a tribute to the man who honoured his mother's race.

AS IT BEGAN

PERHAPS this is mostly tradition; perhaps some of it is fact. I do not know. It came to me from one who travelled in the Punjab in northwestern India where the seat of the Sikh religion is to be found. This is one of the stories that they tell of the beginning of that religion.

Many centuries ago a very wealthy young man named Nanak became much discontented with the Hindu religion. It seemed to him that it lacked something for which he

longed. When people asked him what it lacked he said, "I do not know. I only know that I am never satisfied. I will go and seek for myself a religion that satisfies. If I find it I will come again and tell you about it. Of all things, I think it must bring peace of mind."

So he went from one valley to another and from one country to another seeking satisfaction. To those whom he met on the way he said, "Tell me of your God. Does he give peace of mind?" but no one was satisfied—neither Hindu, nor Buddhist, nor Mohammedan.

One day, as he was walking along much discouraged at his failure to find what he sought, a Hindu traveller said to him, "I have heard of a young man named Jesus. I do not know where he lived, but I have heard that he was kind, and true, and loving. I do not know what he taught, but I know that he died like a lamb as a sacrifice for his people!"

"Aha," said Nanak, "to give one's life as a sacrifice for others when one was young would bring peace. This sounds good. I must know more of it." But though he searched diligently, he could find no word of Jesus. Finally he sat long in silence and thought what such a man would teach, and how he would want a follower to live.

"To live as he did is to have peace of mind. I must tell my people," he said. So after long wanderings, Nanak came back to his village and called all his neighbours together saying:

"I have found a religion that will satisfy. Come to me at the sunrise and I will tell you all about it."

Just as the day began to break both old and young gathered about him, and standing there in his pure white robe with a gleaming sword by his side, he told them of a God who was kind, and true, and helpful; of a God who could be satisfied only when one was willing to die like a lamb for the sake of others.

When he had finished his story he stepped out from before his tent and called, "I need three strong young men who have families who are dependent upon them to come and stand by me as a sacrifice for us all. We must show the God that we are worthy, else we cannot bring content to the rest. Who will give that the rest may gain happiness?"

There was a moment of tense silence, and then from a distance a young man came eagerly and happily to stand by Nanak's side. Nanak placed his hand on his shoulder and drew aside the flap of his tent, bidding the man to enter. No sound came from within, but suddenly the flap was raised, and Nanak stood alone. His sword was out of its sheath, and it was smeared with fresh blood. Some gasped; some grasped the grass that was near them; but no one spoke.

"I need three," said Nanak, and another answered, "I am ready."

Again the silence; then more blood on the sword and a tiny stream that trickled from under the tent. This time many wept, and some hid their faces on the ground.

Nanak stood silently and looked over the seated people, waiting for the third. When he rose a shudder ran through the crowd, for he was their best, their very best.

"I have longed for a God that would satisfy," he said to Nanak. "If this God will bring happiness to my children I am ready," and they entered the tent together.

No one moved; no one spoke; no one cared to look until the happy voice of Nanak called, "See, my people. See your leaders who would give even life itself for your sake. Together we will show you a way that will satisfy."

Inside the tent stood the three men dressed in pure white and bearing in their hands the sign of victory. At their feet lay a young lamb on whose neck was a dark stain and at whose feet was a pool of blood. Together they knelt there on the mountain side while Nanak prayed that they might

live a life of purity and sacrifice and be taught of the new God how to teach the people.

Again no one spoke and no one moved. Hand in hand the four men left the tent and started down into the valley where the people lived to begin their new work. They had willingly and gladly offered their lives as a lamb for a sacrifice in order that their people might be happy and satisfied. And the people heard them gladly.

THE CROSS OF CHRIST

AMONG the large number of refugees that came into one of the Armenian relief camps one day there was a young girl whose big dark eyes were full of pain and whose body seemed hardly able to bear longer the strain of waiting for the doctor. Occasionally she would put her hand to her neck or shoulder, but she said no word of complaint.

At last someone, seeing how sick she looked, said to her, "Would you not like to lean against me for a time? I am strong and would be glad to help you."

"No," said the girl. "I cannot lean. I must stay this way until I am better."

"Have you been hurt?" asked the new friend.

"I am bearing the cross," she said. "I bear in my body the cross of Jesus Christ. I know now how He suffered."

Just then a nurse came near, and seeing how much she needed care, she bent to help her.

"Wait," said the girl, "I must show you first. You shall see."

Then slipping the loose, dirty dress from her shoulders, she showed them a cross which had been branded with hot

irons into the shoulder. It was burning with fever, and all about it were swelling and infection.

"Day by day," she said slowly, "they added to my cross. 'Mohammed or Christ? Mohammed or Christ?', they said to me each day. When I said 'Christ', they brought the iron and gave to me the cross of Christ. I thought I should also die with Christ and for him, but the Americans came, and they saved me from death. I bear the cross. As long as I live I shall bear the cross of Christ. Some day I shall be glad."

Lovingly they led her to the hospital and dressed the cruel wounds that had been given to her because she had been faithful to her Lord. Lovingly they thought of her bravery and courage. Eagerly they waited for her recovery that they might come to know much better the Armenian Cross Bearer.

DOING WHAT HE COULD

WILL LEICHTWEISS worked in the factory of the Corn Products Company in Pekin, Illinois. Nearly one hundred people were busy at their work there one day, all unconscious of any danger, when suddenly there was a terrific explosion, then flames, and then the awful screams of the burned and wounded workers. Some ran for the elevators; some fought to get to a window; and some called loudly for help, as the tons of starch and thousands of bushels of corn began to burst into bigger flames.

Suddenly above the noise and confusion and calls for help there rose a clear, strong, manly voice in song. Immediately the cries and screams seemed to grow less. The young man was not singing jazz music, you may be sure;

he was singing hymns of hope and courage and faith—old hymns that everyone knew, and many loved. Soon the loud noises had all ceased, and only the low moans of the severely wounded could be heard like an accompaniment to his song.

After a while help began to come, but the singer did not move. With his back against the wall to steady him, he sang on as he watched one and another friend being carried from the room, or passed out through the window. It grew hotter and hotter and, at times, he seemed to find it hard to get breath to sing. At last he was all alone.

By that time the flames had spread so rapidly that no one could come for the brave singer, so he had to jump the three stories into the net in the street. Bruised, burned, and unconscious, they carried him to the hospital where loving hands encased him in paraffin wax, that he might have a better chance of recovery.

Suddenly there was a hush as a gray-haired man came through the hall of the hospital to the room where the boy lay. "His father," said one to another.

No one spoke for a moment as he bent above the boy, and then a doctor said quietly and kindly, "Mr. Leichtweiss, Will saved every man in the room from a fiery death by his self-control and his beautiful songs. He was the last man to leave. He cannot recover, but he has done a great work, and he has been a true hero."

"That," said the father, as he watched the unconscious sufferer and prayed for his recovery, "that is the kind of boy to have. I am glad that he could sing."

In the days that followed there were many families in that town where father, or mother, or children were saying in hushed tones, "Will gave his life that we might be safe and happy."

AS CHARLOTTE STUDIED GREEK

ONE day more than thirty years ago Alice Freeman Palmer, the beloved president of Wellesley, was sitting in one of the parks of Cambridge, Massachusetts, not far from Harvard University, when she saw a very strange sight. A coloured girl was walking back and forth along the walk pushing a baby carriage. In one hand she had a book in which she seemed to be much interested. At times she stopped to puzzle over something she was reading, and occasionally she would seem to be memorizing something. Finally, when the opportunity presented itself, Mrs. Palmer looked over the girl's shoulder and found to her amazement that she was studying Greek.

"How strange for a coloured girl to be studying that subject," Mrs. Palmer said to herself. "I must surely talk to her."

A few minutes later the girl was telling the great teacher of her humble home, of her hard-working mother, and of her great desire to go to school and to learn to be a teacher. Thus the friendship began between Alice Freeman Palmer and Charlotte Hawkins Brown.

Mrs. Palmer was much interested, so she offered to help her sometimes when the verbs and conjugations seemed especially hard. She found out all that she could about the family and determined to help to make it possible for the girl to go to a normal school when her high-school work was done. Day by day the girl wheeled the baby and studied, but the red letter days were those when she found her new friend along the way and could say a word to her. To be near such a great and famous teacher was an inspiration; to be her friend was the opportunity of a lifetime. Charlotte

Hawkins Brown began to dream of the day when she, too, could be a great teacher.

After she had graduated from one of the Massachusetts normal schools, she wanted to go to the South and try to help the coloured children, for she knew only too well the struggle which was ahead of them in their school lives. So she began in a little school in North Carolina. To make a success of that school had seemed hopeless to the Mission Board, but Charlotte Hawkins Brown had already known the joy of conquering the seemingly impossible task. She determined to stay right there, even if no one was ready to support the work, and make a success of it somehow.

Hard experiences came to her; at times it seemed impossible to raise the funds for the growing needs of the school. There was no difficulty in securing pupils, for they were eager to come, but few of them could pay, so the burden of the support of the school was a heavy one. There was one bright spot, however, that never failed to inspire: Alice Freeman Palmer was watching her and expecting her to win. She even came down to see the school and encourage the brave coloured teacher.

The years have gone by, and success has come far beyond what that young school-teacher had dared to dream. To-day there are over three hundred children being cared for by the school; some fine new buildings have been bought and paid for; and the name of Charlotte Hawkins Brown is an honoured one in educational circles. She is still studying hard books; still dreaming great dreams for the future; still raising money for her school, to which she has given the best years of her life, for she will never be satisfied until she has an endowment large enough to make her feel sure that the Alice Freeman Palmer Memorial Institute will live in the future when her work there is over.

When Mrs. Brown brought a large group of her school

children to give a demonstration in Symphony Hall, Boston, a friend said to her, "Where did you find the courage to keep on when times were so hard and the way was so uncertain?"

And she replied, "I had someone who believed in me and my work, and I couldn't disappoint her, you see. I just had to succeed."

AUNT EMMY

WHEN she was a slave Aunt Emmy had taken most loving care of all the children in the home of Captain Gates, and he was grateful for her loyalty. When he died he left money to care for her in comfort as long as she lived. But the one to whom the money was intrusted was not wise, and suddenly, when she was eighty-five, Aunt Emmy found herself with no money, no relatives, and no place to go. There was only one thing that could be done with her under the circumstances—she must go to the poorhouse.

Aunt Emmy was cheerful about it, and she was all ready when they came for her one bright September day. Her few belongings were tied up in boxes. In her right hand she carried a black bag which her "chilluns" had given her once upon a time; in her left she had a paper which she was carefully guarding.

"What have you there, Aunt Emmy?" asked the nurse.

"A paper that is valuable. I must not lose it," said Aunt Emmy. So she clung to it carefully, and then placed it under a box in the bureau of her new room.

Now Aunt Emmy was lame, so she could not go down the stairs to work or to eat her meals in the dining room. Most of her time was spent sitting by the window in her room.

Every Sunday morning, when she knew that it was church time in her old church home, she would take her Bible and hymn book and have her service in her room. Once she had been able to sing lullabies and spirituals to the children, but now her voice was cracked and thin. She loved the Bible stories and the hymns, and, to her, her service was a comfort.

When Aunt Emmy had been in the new home for three weeks she said to the matron one day, "Next Sunday is my 'Happy Day.' It says so on my piece of paper, and I must get ready for it. I should like to have my dress all clean and unwrinkled."

"Your birthday comes in May. You are mistaken, Aunt Emmy," said the matron.

"Oh, I don't mean that it is my birthday. It is my 'Happy Day.' I will tell you about it on Monday. I have loved my 'Happy Day' ever since I was a little girl. They will be happy in the little church at home, too."

On Saturday she cleaned her room very carefully and asked one of the ladies who lived in the Home to bring her a bunch of wild asters from the roadside, saying that she needed a flower for her "Happy Day." All day long she talked of her plans, and the matron determined to watch from the hallway and see what happened on Sunday.

The morning sun was streaming into Aunt Emmy's room when she drew out her little wooden table and scrubbed it once more to be sure that it was spotless. Over it she placed a clean white cloth; in the centre of the cloth she arranged the wild asters. Then she brought to the table a white plate containing a few pieces of bread and a white cup half filled with cold water. Her dress was very neat; her hair was carefully combed; and her face looked peaceful and happy.

When all was ready she seated herself before the table

with a glad smile on her face. There was a moment of silence and then the thin little voice began to sing:

"Nearer my God to Thee
Nearer to Thee,
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me."

The song was ended, and a tear trickled down the face of the listener in the hall as she heard Aunt Emmy say:

"The night when He was betrayed He took bread and He gave thanks. Dear Jesus, I thank you for my bread and for my home. I thank you for everything."

The room was very still until the voice began again:

"Then He took the cup and gave it to those who loved Him. I love Him, so I will drink of His cup and be glad."

It seemed a long time to the listener before another sound came from the room, and she was sure that Aunt Emmy was praying. Suddenly, like a burst of sunshine, came the song that the coloured mammy had heard her "chilluns" sing and which Aunt Emmy loved so much. There was a new triumphant note in her voice and with no thought of the bare, uninterested room, she sang:

"Goin' home, goin' home,
I'm a-goin' home.
Quiet like, some still day,
I'm a-goin' home.

"It's not far, just close by,
Through an open door.
Goin' home, goin' home,
I'm a-goin' home."

Aunt Emmy's "Happy Day" in the poorhouse had carried her, in thought, into the presence of her Lord.

END

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